McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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MR TAFT AND MR. SHERMAN NOMINATED.

The Steam Roller Finished Its Work Late Saturday Night.

MR. TAFT HAD A MAJORITY OF 21.

Sherman's Majority for Vice-President Was 57—There Was No Harmony That Was Noticeable—Roosevelt's Name Not Presented in the Convention.

Chicago, June 23.—With nearly 350 of the Roosevelt delegates declining to vote and hastening away at adjournment time to tender to Col. Theodore Roosevelt the nomination of a new party, the 15th Republican national convention at the end of a long and tumultous session last night renominated William Howard Taft of Ohio for President and James Schoolcraft Sherman, of New York, for vice-president.

President Taft received 561 of the 1,078 votes in the convention, or 21 more than a majority.

The decision of the Roosevelt people, under direction of their leader, to refrain from voting, left no other candidate near the President. The announcement of the Taft victory was greeted with cheering from his adherents and groans and hisses from the opposition.

When it became absolutely certain early yesterday that Mr. Taft would be nominated without great difficulty, the leaders in control of the convention decided to give him as a running mate his companion on the ticket in 1908.

All others dropped out of the race, and Mr. Sherman was the only candidate regularly placed before the convention. A motion from New Hampshire to make the nomination by acclamation was declared out of order. There were many scattering votes on the roll call that ensued.

The convention, amid much confusion, adjourned sine die.

At no time was there an indication of a walkout of Roosevelt delegates. They expressed their revolt by silence.

In the confusion just before adjournment a resolution was adopted giving the national committee power to declare vacant the seat of any man on the committee refusing to support the nominees of the regular convention of 1912.

Sherman's vote was 597.

Root was appointed chairman of the committee to inform Mr. Taft of his nomination, and Revine, of Colorado, chairman of the committee to inform Mr. Sherman.

The convention adopted the Hemenway resolution authorizing the national Republican committee to fill vacancies in its membership "in whatever manner occurring and to declare vacant the seat of any member of the committee refusing to support the nominees of the convention."

A meeting of the new national committee was announced to be held in the Coliseum, Monday at 10 a. m.

Just before the platform vote was announced, Walter L. Houser, speaking for La Follette, declared that "Fighting Bob's" name would be presented to the convention as a presidential nominee and that he was asked to declare for La Follette that he could not accept a platform unless it was progressive in every particular.

The first mention of Taft's name by Warren G. Harding in the nominating speech was the signal for a wild demonstration on the floor and in the balconies.

The Taft delegates and hundreds in the balconies jumped to their feet with a pandemonium of cheers.

The Roosevelt delegates sat stolidly in their seats. So did the Wisconsin delegation. Jeers and taunts of the Roosevelt men were drowned in the clamor.

The Taft states began parading the aisles. Wrenching the signs which specified their state names from the standards, enthusiastic delegates poured into the aisles, shouting wildly. A Taft banner with the well-known features of the chief executive was passed up on the rostrum to Harding. The Ohioan waved it while a reverberating chorus of cheers rocked the building. Upon the stage Col. E. T.

(Continued on Page 4.)

R. K. GODDING DEAD.

Editor and Postmaster of Kane and Former Smethport Resident Dies Suddenly.

His many friends in Smethport and vicinity were shocked when the sad news reached them that Rollen K. Godding, editor of the Kane Daily Republican and postmaster of Kane had died at the Kane hospital after a brief illness. He was aged nearly 52 years.

The cause of his death was uraemic poisoning followed shortly before his death by an apoplectic stroke. He had not been in good health for about a year past but was only taken to his bed one week before his death.

Mr. Godding and family came to Smethport in 1893, and was employed in the Democrat office for two years and then was employed in this office about a year. During this time he became acquainted with nearly all of our citizens, among whom he had many firm friends up to the time of his death. From here he went to Mt. Jewett and was employed in the Herald office and from there to Kane where he took a position with Col. Rogers in the Republican office as local editor and advertising manager. In further relation to his history we clip the following from the Republican:

"The deceased was born in Little Valley, N. Y., June 27th, 1860, being a son of Carlos and Harriet (Knox) Godding, his mother being a descendant of the celebrated Lincoln family. When nine years of age Mr. Godding's parents moved to Boone, Iowa, where he received his education in the public school. He learned the printer's trade at the age of seventeen, and the larger portion of his life has been spent in the printing and publishing business. He returned to Little Valley in 1885, and in 1886, on February 3rd, was united in marriage to Ella Frances Hover, of that place. He resided in Albion, Spartansburg, Smethport and Mt. Jewett before coming to Kane, some fifteen years ago. Entering the employ of Col. Lucius Rogers, editor and proprietor of the Kane Daily Republican, he served in the capacity of local editor until the Colonel assumed the office of postmaster. January 1st, 1900, he bought an interest in the paper and became treasurer and business manager of the company which was then formed and incorporated. In 1906 he purchased a controlling interest in the company and assumed the editorship of the paper. In July, 1909, he was commissioned postmaster of Kane, and in August assumed these added duties.

"He is survived by his wife, three daughters, Mabel, Gladys and Hazel; also one son, Carl; one brother, Clyde, of Vancouver, B. C., and one sister, Mrs. Maude Rutherford, of Tacoma, Wash.; also his mother."

Mr. Godding was a good citizen for Kane. The columns of his paper as well as his best and most energetic personal efforts were always used for the betterment of the town, both morally and in an industrial way. He was a forceful, fearless writer and was always ready to take up the fight for the good of mankind and the community in which he lived. In the death of R. K. Godding, Kane has lost a good citizen and his family has lost a kind, loving and indulgent husband and father.

The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, under the direction of Kane Lodge, No. 412, I. O. O. F., at the Congregational church. Rev. George A. Sutton of the Presbyterian church delivering the funeral sermon and was assisted by Rev. T. R. Courtice, Rev. C. M. Conant and Rev. Charles F. Hahn.

Excursion to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City Park, Sunday, July 14, 1912, via Shawmut Line.

Sunday, July 14th, the P., S. & N. R. R. offer special service and rates to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City Parks from St. Marys and intermediate points, except stations on the Hazelhurst branch. Train leaves Smethport 10:27 a. m., returning leaves Olean 7:00 p. m. Fare for the round trip to Olean, $1.00; to Riverhurst, $1.05, and to Rock City, $1.30. The St. Marys Silver Cornet Band has been engaged to accompany excursion and will give a concert at Rock City Park in the afternoon. For full particulars see small bills, apply to P., S. & N. agents or address JOS. T. ODELL,
General Passenger Agent,
3t St. Marys, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

GODING-ALLEN NUPTIALS.

Popular Port Allegany Couple United in Marriage Last Week.

A quiet home wedding took place Wednesday morning, June 19th, at eight o'clock, when Frances Orlene Allen and Leo V. Goding were married at the home of the bride's parents on Catlin avenue. Rev. Harvard Griffith of the Baptist church officiated, the pretty ring ceremony being delivered in a very impressive manner.

Only the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom were present. The bridal party took their places under a pretty floral arch. The bride was attended by Mrs. Pearl Dardenne and Rena Allen as bridesmaids, and Hector Dardenne acted as best man.

The bride was handsomely attired in white messaline, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids carried pink carnations. The house was tastily decorated with ferns, daisies and laurels, and presented a handsome appearance.

After the newly married couple had received congratulations, the party proceeded to the dining room, where a delicious wedding breakfast was served. After the breakfast the happy couple left on a trip to Boston, Waltham, Mass., and other points. They will return about the first of July.

Both bride and groom are well known and popular young people of Port Allegany. Mr. Goding has lived at the Rockdale farm on Skinner creek and in that borough all his life. He is prominent in Grange work all over the county, and last September was a candidate for the nomination to County Treasurer on the Keystone and Democratic tickets, hence is widely known throughout the county. Miss Allen has also resided in Port Allegany for many years, and until recently was a clerk at the Port Allegany postoffice.

McKIERNAN-CURRAN NUPTIALS.

Popular Young Couple Married at St. Elizabeth's Church.

Miss Bessie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Curran of this borough, and Mr. Michael McKiernan of Keating township were united in marriage in St. Elizabeth's church, at six o'clock Monday morning, June 24, 1912, Rev. J. F. Dugan performing the holy nuptial rites.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of the immediate families of the contracting parties and a number of their friends. Following the nuptials an excellent breakfast was served at the Curran home on King street, and the young couple, amid showers of rice, etc., and the best wishes of a host of friends, left for a short honeymoon trip, after which they will make their home in Smethport.

The bride is a popular young lady who has held the position of stenographer and typist for the Backus Novelty Company for some time, and the groom is a well-known and popular young oil well driller. Both have a host of friends in Smethport and vicinity who unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

ARRESTED FOR LIBEL.

John P. Devlin Causes Arrest of Tom M. McClellan.

Tom M. McClellan, editor and publisher of the Mt. Jewett Herald, was arrested in Bradford on Tuesday afternoon on a charge of criminal libel. The arrest was made by Constable Foote of this place and Editor McClellan went before Alderman Williams of Bradford and waived a hearing and gave bail for his appearance at the October term of criminal court. The bail was placed at $500, and W. H. Leyman of Bradford became his surety.

Ex-County Commissioner John P. Devlin of this borough is the prosecutor in this case and it is the outgrowth of the heated campaign of last fall, when a merry war waged for the minority place on the board of county commissioners, between present County Commissioner A. R. Cory, independent Democrat, and Mr. Devlin, who was classed with the regulars. Between the friends of these candidates the controversy became very bitter and at that time Mr. McClellan published numerous articles regarding Mr. Devlin, which Mr. Devlin now claims were false, libelous and defamatory to his character.

This case will be watched with interest by the friends of both parties.

SMETHPORT'S 4th OF JULY.

Program of the Big Celebration to be Held Here.

It will be well for everybody in this section to come to Smethport and help celebrate the Fourth of July.

There will be something doing every minute and you don't want to be the one to miss the fun. The various committees have been working faithfully on the excellent program and it will be well to look over the events for that day and make up your mind to come with the crowd.

Following is the program:

10:30 a. m.—Big Industrial parade.

11:30—Variety races: 100 yard dash; Wheelbarrow race; free for all; Potato race (bring your own potatoes); egg race, for boys and girls; fat men's race, 100 yards; lean men's race, 100 yards. All cash prizes for the above events.

1:00 p. m.—Motorcycle and bicycle races, start and finish on Main street. Cash prizes for both events.

2:00—Reading of the Declaration of Independence by Guy B. Mayo, Esq.

2:30 — Baseball: Norwich vs. Smethport, Kane field, two crack teams. This game will be worth witnessing. Admission to grounds, 25c.

8:00—Big illuminated Fantastic auto parade, 40 machines in the parade. This parade will be headed by the celebrated Zobo band of Smethport. Bring your machine along and join in the fun.

8:30—Big display of fireworks, many fine sets never seen before.

9:00—Firmen's ball at Lyceum.

Three bands will give concerts at different intervals all day and in the evening.

The following excellent train service and rates have been arranged by the transportation committee:

Train leaves Mt. Jewett for Smethport at 8:21 a. m. Kushequa at 8:31. Fare from Mt. Jewett, round trip, 90c. Kushequa, 80c.

Train leaves Port Allegany, 9:37 a. m., fare round trip, 90c.

Train leaves Eldred, 9:37 a. m., fare round trip, 60c.

Train leaves Colegrove, 8:00 a. m., fare, round trip, 32c.

Train leaves Crosby, 9:03 a. m., fare, round trip, 36c.

Returning leaves Smethport for Eldred and Port Allegany at 9:45 p. m. For Colegrove, Crosby, Kushequa and Mt. Jewett at 11:00 p. m.

PLATINUM DISCOVERED.

It Is Thought to be in Paying Quantities Near Eldred.

About two weeks ago while Herbert Lamphire was drilling a water well on the Egbert Lamphire farm, across the river from Eldred, he brought up a peculiar looking metal bearing sand that aroused curiosity and samples were taken and sent to the state chemist for analysis. The report has been received and it states that the sand contains platinum, an extremely valuable metal. Just what the discovery may result in is uncertain to determine as it was found 25 feet below the surface and will necessitate a lot of work to get to it, however it is worth the effort, as pure platinum is very valuable. In 1906 the United States only produced 1,339 ounces, valued at $45,189, or over $31 per ounce. It is found in flattened grains or small lumps in gold-bearing sands, accompanied by numerous other quartz. It is found principally in Russia and South America, the world's output in 1905 being but 178,708 ounces. It requires considerable refining to get to its pure state, and is used in electric light, etc., where great resistance to oxidation is required. There are five platinum metals closely allied with the real article, but if this discovery developes but a trifle of the latter it will be worth following up.—Eldred Eagle.

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to
tf DR. JOHN CLARK,
Smethport, Pa.

AUTOMOBILE FOR HIRE.

I have a good five-passenger automobile for hire, and will be pleased to take parties on long or short trips. Leave orders and get further information at Strong's plumbing shop.
PHILIP PERKINS.

Advertise in The Miner.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Clans are Having a Hot Time in Baltimore This Week.

Baltimore, Md., June 25.—At twelve thirty by all the clocks that adorn the numerous spires of Baltimore, the twenty-first national convention of the Democratic party came to order in response to the falling of the hunk starter National Chairman Norman E. Mack used for a gavel. At three thirty-five it had happened. In the interval, William Jennings Bryan had nominated himself for temporary chairman in a fervent speech, had been defeated by Alton B. Parker, the national committee's choice for that office by a vote of 579 to 506; there had been three or four minor clashes, a riot of enthusiasm and the delegates, who came with fight in systems retired in perfect harmony and good feeling.

Baltimore, Md., June 26.—Flights of oratory were the chief features of the day session. They were delivered by Senators Rayner of Maryland, Gore of Oklahoma, former Governor Folk of Missouri, former Governor Campbell of Ohio, Mayor Preston of Baltimore, Colonel John Temple Graves of New York, and Congressman Henry B. Clayton of Alabama, who was the permanent chairman of the last Democratic national convention.

The speeches were made necessary for the entertainment of the delegates because of the delay on the part of the committee on resolutions, credentials, rules and permanent organization in reporting. Chairman Parker allowed no favorites, permitting champions of Clark, Wilson, Underwood, Harmon or any other candidate to say what they pleased.

Wednesday's developments in brief are:

In the night session the unit rule was abrogated, Pennsylvania assisting in its elimination. The official count was 555½ ayes to 495½ noes, the unit rule being beaten by 60 1-10 votes.

Judson Harmon is considered practically out of the race, with Underwood and Wilson classed in the also rans. Clark is the favorite, with Bryan as second choice.

Bryan has assured Underwood men that he will not bolt the ticket no matter who is nominated.

The favorite sons will probably be placed in nomination this evening.

SAFE AND SANE FOURTH.

Anti-Toxin Free For Persons Injured —Supplied by State Board of Health.

The 67 tetanus anti-toxin stations throughout the Commonwealth have received their supplies from the Department of Health and are ready to meet the usual Fourth of July demands.

The anti-toxin will be furnished without cost to the poor and the stations are so located that every part of Pennsylvania is within easy reach of one. It is essential that the tetanus anti-toxin be administered within 24 to 48 hours after the wound has been inflicted.

Any physician can secure an immunizing dose of 1500 units, free, upon applying to a distributing station, on certifying that it is for the treatment of persons too poor to pay.

The sation for McKean county is at the store of Studholme Bros., Port Allegany.

COLLAPSING DOCK DROWNS 31.

Terrible Accident at Eagle Park Near Buffalo on Sunday.

Thirty-one persons are known to be drowned and a number of others are not accounted for from the collapse of a dock at Eagle Park, near Buffalo, on the Niagara river, Sunday evening. Up to the present time about 20 bodies have been recovered and the river is being dynamited in the hopes of recovering more of the dead. Most of those who lost their lives are women and children.

The dock, despite warnings, was over-crowded by an excursion party of Foresters, their wives and children and about 200 were plunged into the river. This dock is only 10 miles above Niagara Falls and it is feared that the swift current has carried many of the bodies over the falls and they will never be found.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

It Was Formally Launched in Chicago the First of the Week.

(By John B. Pratt.)

Chicago, June 23.—In grim conclave, the Roosevelt forces here to-day laid the props for the third party that is to battle in the presidential campaign with the Colonel at its head.

The Progressive party, to be formed of Republicans and Democrats alike, was started on its way with every indication of a formidable line-up.

Out of the conferences that lasted all day in Roosevelt's quarters at the Congress came the conviction that the Progressive party is in the field to stay through the campaign.

No freakish whim controls the sternly serious men who have aligned themselves with the ex-president. Roosevelt sounded the sentiment of his leaders before he determined to break away from the Republican party. They assured him to-day in a way that carried conviction, that they would stick to the finish.

Roosevelt impressed the point on his leaders that the party is not to be composed of Republican soreheads. He is in the field to wage a progressive fight.

The ex-President assured his backers that the new party has a distinct fight of its own. He alluded to the situation in the Democratic party and impressed his leaders that the Progressive party may expect a strong alignment from the Democratic ranks if the Baltimore convention fails to respond to the "progressive" call of the country.

The Roosevelt campaign is to be managed by Governor Johnson of California. That was definitely decided to-day. Besides the governor, whose strength in the far west was the impelling movement for putting himself at the helm, will be seven other progressives.

Among them will be Francis J. Heney, the reformer of San Francisco, and Judge Ben B. Lindsay, Democrat, of Denver. Governor Stubbs of Kansas, who has plunged in the new party with a whoop, will be another to help guide the new party. While the remainder of the governing council have not been picked, it is tipped that Governor Glasscock, of West Virginia; Senator Cummins, of Iowa, and Governor Bass, of New Hampshire, will be in the list.

BAPTIST CHURCH SERVICES.

There will be Sunday school at 11:45 every Sunday.

At a special meeting of the church on Monday night it was decided that the pastor postpone his preaching services for the time being, and enter at once on the planned campaign of money raising for the liquidation of the debt on the church property.

Pastor Booth expects to solicit contributions from the Baptist churches belonging to the 22 associations in Pennsylvania during the following four months, and then return to his local work of the Baptist church here. At his convenience he will preach at the Smethport Baptist church occasionally during the summer.

It is the pastor's request that the parents and the teachers take a deep interest in the children so as to have them in full attendance each Sunday in the Sunday school.

J. BOOTH, Pastor.

DIVORCES GRANTED.

Judge Bouton Freed Eleven Couples Last Thursday.

On Thursday of last week Judge Joseph W. Bouton granted eleven divorces, as follows:

Ora V. Burdick vs. Elmer Lynn Burdick.

Goldie Corbett vs. Fred H. Corbett.

Howard W. Douglass vs. Alice E. Douglass.

Robert DeHaven vs. Josephine Ray DeHaven.

Thomas E. Kenney vs. Lulu Kenney.

Bertha Mallen vs. H. A. Mallen.

Elsie T. MacDonald vs. J. F. MacDonald.

Ruby A. Reeves vs. Clarence G. Reeves.

Birdie Ringrose vs. James Ringrose.

Ralph E. Stilson vs. Judetha Stilson.

Mabel Woodward vs. Charles Woodward.

FOR SALE.

One top buggy; one lumber wagon, wide tire; wagon box; harrow with wooden frame; and patent hay rack. Inquire of J. H. STULL,
4t East Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

The Runabout Girl

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

(Copyright, 1914, by Associated Literary Press.

"To begin with," Austin interjected forcibly from his unseen location beneath the jacked-up car, "no woman should be allowed to touch a machine. It's death and destruction to the world the minute you put one at a wheel."

"She's driven a car abroad—"

"Where the roads are smoothed paths of dalliance for cars of joy. A one-eyed Chink with a cork arm could drive a car abroad."

"Was she hurt?" asked Forbes. He sat up, with a tightening of his muscles at the sudden grip of pain from his wrenched shoulder and racked ribs.

"Hurt? No. A bit rumpled and excited. When she saw you were alive, she passed over a delicate handful of regrets and rode on."

He dragged himself out, pushed back his cap from a soiled perspiring face, and reached down after his pipe. Overhead in a rock maple a family of robins sounded a melodious concert of protest against the invasion of the solitude by these roadsters. Below the road swept the river between great hills. It was June, June in New England, with the mountain laurel clinging in great clusters of pink bloom to every craggy foothold it could find in the granite cheek of the hills, and a haze of tender beauty flushing the whole land.

"Whereabouts are we?" asked Forbes.

"About fifteen miles east of Hartford. Need a hospital, Jack?"

"She said she lived near. Mark the map. I'm coming back."

It was a grim joke. Also, it was his last for awhile. Austin just missed catching him as he keeled heavily over, face down in the grass. And even while he knelt there, trying to force a drink between the set teeth, there came the clear, wavering sweetness of her horn around the bend of the board. Austin knew it instantly. Had he not heard it not twenty minutes before, just as they crashed together? Looking down at the death-like face of his friend and pal, he cursed it now, and its owner.

She drew up close to the big red car. Austin's eyes must have showed their frank disapproval of her and of

"You Don't Pity Me a Bit."

her trim gray and black runabout. She threw back her veil and knelt beside Forbes, disregarding him.

"I was afraid he was hurt more than he realized, so I rode on to telephone for a doctor," she said steadily. "If you will lift him into my car, I will take him home with me, and when you are ready you may join him."

"I'd better make a straight run into Harvard and land him at the hospital," began Austin, surlily, but she shook her head.

"I won't allow you to. It was my fault. Do as I tell you. I live about a mile from here, and the doctor will be there when we arrive. Be careful when you lift him, now."

"Say," said Austin, "can't you see that we're twin brothers? I'd give my left ear fried in butter any old time he needed it."

She smiled up at him for the first time, and Austin was doomed from that instant. Even while he lifted Forbes into the car, into her car at that, the thoughts raced through his head dizzily. He stood and watched the vanishing blotch of grey down the road thereafter. Surely the day was playing strange tricks with him. They had started for Boston, escaped all terrors from New York on, and had been knocked out cleanly and neatly by this same natty little French runabout and its driver.

"It was he who did it," muttered Austin. "He saw her coming, and stuck us into the bank, and the telegraph pole did the rest. But she's some kid, all right. I wish it was me."

The runabout sped along the highway for a mile, and turned in a driveway under huge elms. Once or twice the girl turned to take a quick searching look at the face that lay back on the cushion beside her. She frowned, and raised the car up to third speed. When the house came in view, the first sigh of relief came from her own lips. She sounded the horn several times in a troubled, nervous call for help that quavered on the still noon air vibrantly.

"Not dead, I hope," called a cheery voice from the shaded veranda, and she lifted her face to it eagerly. Another car stood at the side entrance, and she knew it was the doctor.

With the help of the gardener, Forbes was lifted into the house, and laid on a couch in the quiet, old-fashioned sitting room. Ruth stood by during the examination, ready with anything the doctor should need. The coat and shirt had to be cut away from the dislocated shoulder.

"Now then, we'll just slip this back where it belongs, and it's mighty good for him he won't feel it. Hold his head over there, Miss Hopewell. Just balance it on your shoulder, will you?"

Which made a striking picture to Bart Austin, just entering. He hesitated on the threshold, watching with lowered chin, catching that strange little click as the bone slipped into its place, catching, too, the agonized groan from Forbes' lips, as he was hauled back to consciousness by the pain. But most of all, in the picture, there stood the slim kneeling form of the girl, holding Forbes' head on her own arm, and soothing him with low, swift words of womanly sympathy.

"Couple of broken ribs, and a crippled wrist. Better stay here and be nursed up a bit," said the doctor, later.

"Mother insists that he stay, as it was all my fault," said Ruth, gently.

Austin stood over Forbes at the couch by the open window.

"I'll take you up to Hartford to the hospital, if you say the word, old man," he said, in a low tone. "The car's all right now. She only rammed her nose into the bank anyhow, and bumped her beauty spots a bit. It was you who hit the telegraph pole. Don't you want to get out of this cozy corner?"

"No, I don't," returned Forbes, placidly, half closing his blue eyes. "I'm very badly hurt, Bart. You don't pity me a bit. You run on to Boston, and attend to business there, and pick me up on the return trip. That's a week hence. Say, take a look out of the window and tell me the color of the roses on that bush. I can't think clearly for the scent of them."

"They're little red ones, crimson rambler," said Bart, but Ruth turned her head and smiled.

"The red ones have only a very faint scent, Mr. Austin. Those that he likes are the large cream white ones. We call them bride's roses out here."

It was a month before Bart Austin's big red roadster found its way along the river road again, and up the drive under the elms. He waited a minute or two, and sounded his horn. It was an alarmist, that horn, none of your sweet-voiced sirens for Bart.

Presently Mrs. Hopewell came slowly down the broad veranda steps. She was slender and charming even at forty-seven, a faded edition of Ruth at eighteen.

"How are you?" said Bart, cheerfully, lifting his leather cap. "I'm Bart Austin, Forbes' friend. I hope he's all right now. I told him I'd stop on the way home from Boston and pick him up, but I was delayed a bit."

Mrs. Hopewell smiled amusedly, and shook her head.

"Oh, dear, you're very much too late. Ruth and Jack were married three days ago, and have started on their wedding trip in the runabout. Jack was very hasty, I thought, but he wanted to be married while the bride's roses were still in bloom. For a business man, he has quite a good deal of sentiment."

Austin's face was buried in his hands, and his shoulders shook with laughter.

"Sentiment?" he repeated. "Well, if you don't mind, Mrs. Hopewell, I'd call it a balmy touch of sunshine beneath his curling locks. And yet—" he hesitated. Mrs. Hopewell was moving away graciously. Bart addressed the empty car as the one sure place of sympathy. "Yet she was certainly all girl. I wish I'd bit that telegraph pole myself."

The Piano.

The proper placing of an upright piano in a room of moderate size is to turn it at right angles to the side wall, leaving room between the keyboard and the opposite wall for the player. Then stand a table, if possible an old-fashioned mahogany one with folding leaf which can be turned up against the back of the piano. There must, of course, be some drapery to cover the unpolished back of the piano. A piece of good-looking tapestry, brocaded silk, embroidered crepe, or even of cretonne, draped loosely over the top and back, but not laid in set folds, would be suitable. On the table stand a plant, a bit of pottery, a brass candlestick or possibly a lamp.

From a musical standpoint the piano is placed in the best position, for the notes are free instead of muffled.

For Education.

The "continuation school," which was created in Ohio by a law which recently went into effect, provides that every girl between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who has not completed the eighth grade, must spend "not more than eight hours a week nor less than four hours" at some continuation school at times most convenient for the employers and employes. It is mandatory on employers to see that the act is enforced. The curriculum is of extremely wide range, designed so as to include practical instruction in the many pursuits in which the girls are employed regularly, and to give such instruction as can be put into immediate practice.

WHITE PIGEON BROUGHT LUCK

Perched on Wheel Box of the Fishing Boat and Gave It Fine Maiden Trip.

It is one of the pet beliefs of the fishing fleet folk that when a white bird flies aboard a ship at sea good luck is bound to follow. And if a white bird happens to fly aboard a brand new craft it insures the vessel with all kinds of joy forever. Out on Georges, two weeks ago today, a little pigeon fluttered down on the deck of the good ship Mary, perching on the wheel box. Result—good luck. Although Capt. Whalen's boat struck mighty hard weather, it came through without a scratch and landed 130,000 pounds of mixed ground fish, mostly hake and cusk, which is pretty nearly the record catch for a maiden trip.

The pigeon looked as though it had had some pretty hard luck itself before it fell in with the Mary, however. One of its wings was badly torn, as though a gull or a hawk had taken a piece out of it. The man aboard took good care of the pigeon, giving it plenty of food, although they made no attempt to confine it to any one part of the vessel. The bird made friends with every one, especially the cook, and refused to eat except out of the men's hands. As the Mary came up the harbor this morning, the bird was adeck. Abreast of Governor's Island he suddenly took wing and flew away. The men said it looked to them as though the bird had recognized his surroundings in the inner harbor and had flown for home.—Boston Globe.

TENDERNESS TO THE AGED

Those in Their Helpless Years Should Be Treated With Kind and Gentle Regard.

Nothing is more beautiful or Christ-like in the character of the young woman than a kind and gentle regard for the old. They whose failing steps are slowly descending the sunless slope of age have but one consolation as the years speed by them, and that is the tenderness and consideration of those on whose lives the beauties of the morning are breaking. Age is a season of physical infirmity, of mental retrospection, of shattered dreams and earthly disappointments. No more for the old is there a glimmer in the rolling stars, no more freshness in the spring, no more a triumph in the years. The thousand melodies of the present sound far off to their aged ears and its charms are blurred in the ears and eyes whose tears fall on the graves of old affections. Treat them gently, for their travail and their sacrifice are yet the possessors not only of existence in the world in whose splendors re exult, but also for the prosperity and happiness we thoughtlessly enjoy. Never mind if she or he be old and feeble and of humble garb—they look to you in their helpless years to aid with gentle courtesy their tottering steps. God's blessing will reward you if you do.—Catholic Universe

Meaning of "Kalamazoo."

A contraction of an Indian phrase descriptive of the stones seen through the water in its bed, and which, from a refractive power in the current, resemble otters swimming beneath the surface. Such is the explanation, and the only one, as far as I know, that has been given, of the meaning of the word Kalamazoo, and the author of this remained unknown to me until a short time ago, when I accidentally discovered that it was H. R. Schoolcraft. . . . The fact is that the alleged word negikanamazoo given by Schoolcraft is a deliberate alteration by him of kikalamazo, written by the French at a period when some dialect of Ojibwa, to which the word belongs, was still using the letter l. It is a slight (very slight) alteration of old Ojibwa kikalamozo, meaning "he is inconvenienced by smoke in his lodge."—American Anthropologist.

Pedigree of the Horse.

Geologists have finally completed a distinguished genealogy for the horse. Here is the list, with the geological eras in which each lived, as arranged by Prof. W. N. Rice:

The line of descent begins with Hyracotherium and Eophippus of the lower Eocene age. Then follow Protorohippus and Orohippus of the middle Eocene, Epihippus of the upper Eocene, Mesohippus of the Oligocene, Anchitherium of the lower Miocene, Parahippus, Protohippus and Pliohippus of the middle and upper Miocene, and finally Equus of the Pliocene and the Quaternary, from which the modern horse directly descends. Hipparion and Hippidium represented ancient side branches that died without descendants.

Temple of Lord's Prayer.

Perhaps the most interesting, surely the most exquisite, house of prayer in the world is the Little Temple of the Lord's Prayer in Palestine, erected on the spot where it is believed the Savior taught his prayer to the disciples. The little temple is of pure white marble, with simple straight lines, distinctly unlike the architecture of the Orient. "Our Father which art in heaven" in every known language is carved on the walls and columns, and is the only decoration of this supremely lovely place. To see it in the soft opal twilight of the east, or at moonlight, or in the earliest dawn, is to understand the matchless words of the Master translated into marble.—Christian Herald.

STOPPED THE CHILD'S CRIES

Sudden Philanthropy of Newsboy Put an End to Wails of the Youngster.

Nobody seemed to know what he was crying about, but it must have been something, for the youngster was running the entire gamut of infantile shrieks. He was a tow-headed, lace-collared little chap of four or five, down town on a shopping tour with his mother, a large, fashionably attired woman of the society type.

People along the street turned and looked at the wailing youngster, but it wasn't up to them to say anything and they just let him cry. The mother tried to hush him, but to no avail. Whatever it was that he was so lachrymous and worked up over had him right. Then strolled up a little newsboy—a lad probably nine or ten years of age, but not much larger than the five-year-old. The newsboy was just starting to eat a banana when he heard the shrill shrieks of the smaller kid. Whether as a joke or in a spirit of magnanimity he rushed up alongside of the astonished mother, placed the banana in her son's hand and says:

"Here, bo, eat that an' stop your yellin'."

And the unexpectedness of the gift did actually stop the noise and tears in about two seconds and a half.

WHEN WALKING WITH LADIES

Nearly Every Country Has Its Own Ideas as to Place of Male Escort.

Almost every country has its own fashions for men who walk with ladies on the public streets. In America and in England we walk on the side of the lady that is nearer the street. Many years ago when the streets were not kept as clean as they are now, any person walking on the outer edge of the pavements was likely to get well splashed with mud and rainwater, and that is why the gentlemen took that side, so as to save the ladies' fine clothes.

In some countries it is considered better for the gentleman to keep near the middle of the pavement in order to preserve the lady from jostling of persons going in the opposite direction in a crowded street. When it is the rule for every one to keep to the right those who are on the left of the two passing streams are continually being bumped into. In Germany the gentleman always keep on the same side of the lady, no matter which side of the street they may be on or which way they are going.

Money Value of Women.

If you are a married woman, and were asked to tell just what you were worth in hard cash to your husband, what figure would you name? The question is not a fanciful one by any means, but has been a subject of judicial consideration.

It was this way: The wife of an Iowa farmer bought a gallon of what purported to be kerosene, but which was afterward shown to be 21 per cent. gasoline. When the woman used some of it to start a fire with the stuff exploded, and she was burnt to death and her three children were seriously injured. The woman's husband sued the dealers for damages, and the jury awarded him $25 for the loss of his wife and $299.71 per child on account of injuries.

The defendants evidently thought that a woman was not worth $25, for they took an appeal from the verdict. The learned court, however, declined to look at it in that light, and the judgment was affirmed.—New York Mail.

How to Become a Neurasthenic.

Eat no breakfast. Indulge in but one meal daily; at any rate not more than two. Eat no meat. Eat freak cereals, vegetables, nuts and fruit. Masticate every morsel 268 times—267 times won't do. Take a cold bath every morning.

Be massaged daily. Read the health magazines daily. Read all the books on how to gain self-control and on psychotherapy. Concentrate the mind upon the digestion and upon all articles of diet. Upon every possible occasion discuss your imaginary troubles with your friends and coerce your wife into catering to every dietetic whim that you can formulate. Buy a lot of apparatus for indoor exercise and roll a cannon ball around over selected portions of one's anatomy.—Critic and Guide.

Depending On.

An artist of international fame recently had a bright little Swedish girl posing for him, and thinking to keep her expression animated, he conversed with her while he worked.

"Do you go to school, Ragnhild?" the great man inquired with affable complacency.

"Oh yes," was the reply.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Ragnhild's face beamed.

"If I have sense," she answered, "I will be a school teacher. If I have no sense, I will paint pictures—like you."

A Long Excuse.

The magazine writer rolled in late at night and found his better half sitting up, awaiting his coming.

"What have you got to offer this time?" she demanded.

"I can give you a 1,200 words story," was the reply of the writer, whose answer was dictated by force of habit.

NO DOUBT OF HER IDENTITY

Spirit of Woman Who Died in Automobile Accident Easily Recognized by Friend.

"There's a spirit here," gasped one of the speakers at a Spiritualistic meeting, "who seems to be very much oppressed in her breathing. She—she died in an accident—much oppressed in her breathing. It was," she continued, gazing intently into space and clutching her chest, "a—an automobile accident. Does any one here know any one who was in a fatal automobile accident?" she asked suddenly, glancing about the hall.

"I do," from a woman in the audience.

"The wheels of the automobile went over her chest," went on the medium graphically, "broke her ribs, caused oppression in her breathing. Anyway, I see her dying in an automobile accident!"

"Yes—yes!" cried the woman eagerly, "that's Mrs. Autoway! I knew it! She was in an automobile accident! At least, that is," she explained, "she was run over by a grocery wagon, but she was took to the hospital in an automobile. She got well of that and died of typhoid fever. But you come near enough to it to prove her identity."

FATHER HAS HIS REVENGE

Strikes at Sire Through Son and Gives His Expensive Daughter to Algernon.

"Sir," said Algernon, "I—I am—I mean I was going to—"

"Oh!" snapped her father. "So you were going to ask if you might marry my daughter—eh?"

There was anger and venom in his tone and Algernon looked round nervously.

"Remember, sir, that I—I—"

"Listen!" broke in her father with a snarl. "Twenty years ago your father practically ruined me. I swore a vow that I would take vengeance. And now the chance I have longed for is come!"

"But, sir," quavered Algernon, "be merciful—"

"I will not!" thundered the old man. "I will have no mercy! I will strike at the father through the son! You want my daughter? Well, then, take her—take her!"

White, and shaking with malevolent triumph, he sank in his chair, and Algernon crept out of the house with a dim foreboding at his heart.—Tit-Bits.

Island of Walcheren.

It is quite worth while to stay a few days at Flushing, when landing from England, thoroughly to inspect the island of Walcheren. The island itself (says the "Autocar") is a most beautiful corner of Holland, possesses two important towns, well worth seeing, and is particularly rich in costume, unfortunately dying out in so many parts of the country. Some parts of Flushing are very old, as it was a strongly fortified port in days gone by—the headquarters of the Dutch fleet. It was from this town that Admiral de Ruyter, a native of Flushing, defeated the English fleet off the Thames in 1667, and advanced up the river toward London, creating a desperate panic among its inhabitants. The Dutch people are very proud of their admiral, and possess almost as many statues and pictures of him as we do of Nelson. The country is purely agricultural, and as the farmers go in for dairy farming a good deal, one sees numbers of spotlessly clean black and white cows everywhere, generally left in charge of a small boy, or two or three little girls in charming white caps, and quaint, much gathered black frocks.

Expensive Soda Water.

The highest price ever paid for a bottle of soda water was given in London recently when one that was a relic from the wreck of the Royal George was auctioned off and brought $134. The Royal George went down in 1782, which made the soda water 120 years old. Two-thirds of the liquid remained in the bottle, the inside of which was discolored and thickly incrusted with sea salt. The bottle was of the same shape as those used for aerated water at the present time, but the glass was of a deeper green and slightly heavier. Soda water was invented in 1767, and the relic was bought by a soda water manufacturer for advertising purposes.

No Lady Killer.

M. Durand de Belleford de Gourney, who a few months ago startled the simple folk of Coutances by appearing in a brilliant uniform covered with decorations and managed to swindle the local trades-people of hundreds of pounds, cut a sorry figure when he appeared for trial at the assize court today.

His only defence is that he swindled because he wished to create an impression on a woman with whom he was in love. The judge replied: "Don't talk to me of making an impression on the fair sex. You are far to ugly," and then sentenced him to six years imprisonment.—Paris correspondence London Daily Mail.

Keeps Him Changing.

"A Mormon must have to be a lightning change artist."

"In what way?"

"It must be something of a job to have the right wife's picture in his watch every time."

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SAATTECK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Grange Bank Building SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. MAYO & SON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office over Grange Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

Thomas M. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - Penna
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House,
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Harry Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Residence at corner of King and Washington streets.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second door, Smethport, Pa.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 6
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, refurnished and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything to be had in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of 'Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

BOYS! THIS BALL GLOVE AND THE BOYS' MAGAZINE (6 MONTHS) **50c**

We will also include, without extra cost, a book entitled "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money." Walter Camp edits The Boys' Magazine. Each issue of this magazine is filled with clean, fascinating stories and instructive articles, of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. This fielder's glove is made by one of the foremost American manufacturers, of the finest tan leather, felt padded web thumb, and deep pocket. We absolutely guarantee that you will be more than pleased with the glove, magazine and book.

Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today.

The Scott F. Redfield Co., 925 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

The Boys' Magazine at all news-stands. 10c a copy.

McKean County Miner

Smethpot, Thursday, June 27, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Ed McCarty has accepted a position in the bottling works recently purchased by W. H. Hungerford.

—The Bouton & Forrest Oil Co. drilled in another good well west of town the latter part of last week.

—Born at the Bradford hospital, Thursday, June 20, 1912, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Campbell of this place, a son.

—Baked goods will be on sale at the M. E. chapel on the afternoon of July 3, at 2:30, by the Ladies' Aid Society.

—Smethport extends you a welcome to its big Fourth of July celebration and the best kind of a time is assured.

—Mrs. Sarah Richmond entertained a party of ladies at bridge whist Thursday evening at her home on West Main street.

—The man or youngster who wants to save $2.00 or a little less, we suggest to him to read Monhelmer's advertisement in this issue.

—Miss Bessie Curran, now Mrs. McKiernan, was the honor guest at a linen shower given by Miss Maude Heath, Friday afternoon, from two until six.

—The Miner will be issued on Wednesday of next week in order to give the force a chance to celebrate the ever glorious Fourth of July. Advertisers please take notice.

—By those who are in a position to know we have been informed that nearly everybody from Norwich and Betula are coming to Smethport to celebrate the Fourth of July.

—An unusually good gas well has recently been struck on the Carlisle Sawyer place in Norwich township. We have been informed that the well is good for 1,250,000 feet per day.

—The friends of Rev. S. R. Parrett tendered him a farewell surprise Monday evening at the home of Fred Kautz at East Smethport. Rev. Parrett was presented with a purse of $21.00.

—Fry & Comes have a full page advertisement telling of the big July sale which will be started July 5th and lasting ten days. This is an excellent opportunity to buy at greatly reduced prices and our readers should read this advertisement carefully

—It is reported that N. W. Heinemann has contracted with Hazelhurst parties for the sale of his gas from his big tract on Colegrove brook While we are pleased to note that Mr. Heinemann has made a good contract we had hoped that this gas might be piped to Smethport and put on the market.

—As evidence of their appreciation of his first year's work in Ambridge, the school board of that place has raised the salary of Supt. Burdette S. Bayle from $2,000 to $2,300 for the coming year. As superintendents are elected and their salaries fixed for three years, it is unusual for one to receive an increase in the middle of his term. Supt. Bayle is to be congratulated on this flattering endorsement of his work.

—The Penn Tire Filler Company of Coudersport advertises Resillo in this issue and this advertisement should be read by every automobilist in this section. Resillo is said to do away with tire troubles entirely and it is guaranteed by this reliable company to do all that is claimed for it. The Backus Novelty Company of this place is sole agents for this county. County Detective E. W. Jones is having his automobile tires filled with it and he will tell you what he thinks of Resillo.

—Robert, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Muff of Ridgway was instantly killed at the Ridgway ice plant. The boy had brought his father's dinner to him and about an hour afterward an employe of the place found the boy crushed to death under a 300-pound cake of ice. It is thought that Robert had gone up stairs where this cake of ice was suspended and accidentally released the spring which held it and he was crushed. The huge cake of ice was removed from his chest and a doctor summoned, but he had been dead for some time. Besides crushing his body his skull had been fractured.

—The Smethport branch of the Glass Bottle Blowers' association held a meeting Saturday evening in the I. O. O. F. hall and the following named gentlemen were initiated into the mysteries of the organization: R. Raymer, B. McCarthy, R. Ross, W. Whitney. The National Secretary, Wm. Tanner, was present and spoke on labor conditions. After the meeting a banquet was served in the dining hall by Miss Pattison, after which cigars were passed and the rest of the evening was spent in enjoying the music which was furnished by the apprentices from the factory, and songs and speeches by the members.

—Miss Dora Clark of Medina, N. Y., was drowned Monday in the Erie canal. She was a niece of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wicks of Eldred, with whom she had visited a good deal, and made many acquaintances here. The news of her death is sad, indeed. She was rowing with another lady when her companion was seized with heart failure and plunged out of the boat, upsetting it. Miss Clark swam to the bank, but on perceiving her friend still in the water, went back to help her, and both sank. It was heroic, but believed to have been a vain effort, if it had been successful, it is believed her friend was dead before she struck the water. The heroine was 18 years old and her death is a shock to her friends. Mr. Wicks and son, Rossie, attended the funeral. The body was not recovered until the next day.—Eldred Eagle.

FOR INSECTS ON ROSES.

A prominent Philadelphia commuter wrote to State Zoologist H. A. Surface at Harrisburg, Pa., saying, "I shall be pleased to have you suggest some mixture or compound for the destruction of insects on roses. We are troubled with a worm similar to a caterpillar, which bores clear through the buds. There is another bug about the size of a pin head, dark green in color, and also another which infests the heart of the rose when it is in bloom. We shall be thankful for information on how to suppress them." Professor Surface's reply was as follows:

"The worm which you mention is probably the rose leaf slug. At any rate it can be destroyed by spraying with an ounce of arsenate of lead in each gallon of water, or by dusting the leaves when damp with dew, either late in the evening or early in the morning, with one part of Paris green mixed with fifty parts of flour. Unmixed Paris green will not do this. It is too strong and will kill the leaves. The flour is used both to dilute the Paris green and make it stick well on damp leaves. It can be safely used around the yard without injury to animals or persons. You can use powdered or dry arsenate of lead in preference to Paris green if you wish. The larve or worm boring into the rose buds can be killed by the same materials. The arsenate of lead spray is especially to be recommended for this.

"The small dark green insect about the size of the head of a pin is no doubt the rose Aphis or plant lice. It clusters mostly around the tips of the growing shoots and the buds. The treatment named above for the chewing insects will not destroy this as it is a sucking insect. Among the remedies for this are the following:

"1. Spray or wash with one pound of whale oil soap in five or six gallons of water.

"2. Give same treatment using a strong tobacco decoction made by steeping a pound of tobacco in a gallon of water for two hours.

"3. Use eight or ten per cent. kerosene emulsion.

"4. Use one pound of ground laundry soap in about three gallons of water. Dissolve this in hot water then let it cool before using it as a wash or spray.

"Any one of the above should give relief.

"The insect in the rose while in bloom can be destroyed by the arsenate of lead spray which will not discolor leaf or flower. However, as a rule I avoid spraying blossoms of all kinds because of the danger of killing bees and other beneficial insects which visit them and are valuable in pollenizing."

DEALER WANTED

to represent exclusively in this territory a well known

Silent Valveless Motor Car

Any established dealer or responsible business man, who desires the representation of the oldest and largest automobile manufacturing company, producing a famous, silent, valveless self starting motor car, should communicate immediately with

J. S. Hoffman Motor Car Co.,
No 10 Vine St., Sharon, Pa.

REDUCED FARES
TO
PHILADELPHIA
AND RETURN
ACCOUNT
SAENGERFEST

Tickets sold June 28, 29, 30 and July 1, and good returning to reach original starting point before midnight, July 8, 1912.

For time of trains, and full information, consult Ticket Agent.

Chance to make a side trip to Atlantic City, Cape May, and other seashore resorts.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agent everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers to rider agents.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the tremendously *full line prices we can make you this year.* We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $10.00 profit above factory cost. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3.00 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires $4.80

A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY

The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce our tires we will sell a sample pair for $4.80 cash with order. $4.85

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture-resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent thereby making the price $4.56 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price, you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want to place a sample pair of these tires in every locality where we have no agent, hence this unheard of offer.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make. SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. E. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

FAMILY FAVORITE LAMP OIL

No flicker, no odor, no soot. Family Favorite is the ideal oil for home use. It costs little more than inferior tank-wagon oils and yet it is triple-refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil—the best oil made. Get Family Favorite Oil from your dealer—he has it in original barrels direct from the refineries—and enjoy the full, white flame.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., Independent Refiners
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Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines

FREE 200 Page Book—tells all about oil.

A. Y. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING

—AND—

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

McCall's Magazine and McCall Patterns

For Women

Have More Friends than any other magazine or patterns. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and helpful information for women.

Save Money and Keep in Style by subscribing for McCall's Magazine at once. Costs only 50 cents a year, including any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns free.

McCall Patterns Lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy and number sold. More dealers sell McCall Patterns than any other two makes combined. None higher than 15 cents. Buy from your dealer, or by mail from

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236-246 W. 37th St., New York City

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

Grange National Bank

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Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

KILL LICE

You can positively destroy all chicken lice and vermin with Pratts Powdered Lice Killer. Increase your poultry profits this season by using Pratts guaranteed lice killer,

25c and 50c.

F. A. Green

Call for FREE Poultry book and 1912 Almanac

PEARL

Birth Stone of JUNE

Wedding gifts in Silver, Cut Glass and China.

Engstrom & Olson,
Jewelers
Smethport, - - Pa.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

Sam's
57 MAIN

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 27, 1912

Big Bill and Sunny Jim are it, and they don't know whether to be happy or sad.

The political pot does not produce very savory dishes as yet and the parties partaking of them appear to be suffering with internal eruptions.

The politicians succeeded in trimming out the people in the five-day-go-as-you-please at Chicago last week but the people may come back in November.

Henry M. Arnold, special assistant attorney general of the United States, who had charge of the investigation into the irregularities and fraud in weighing sugar at the port of Philadelphia, has compelled the officials of the sugar refineries involved to consent to pay over to the government $700,000. The announcement was made on Monday immediately after Attorney Arnold returned to Washington after conferring with United States District Attorney Thompson at Philadelphia. The statement of the department of justice mentions the following companies and the amounts they are to pay: Spreckles Sugar Refining Co., $450,000; W. J. McCahan Sugar Refining Co., $250,000; and the Franklin Sugar Refining Co., $100,000.

The rather warm proceedings in Chicago during the past few days have brought out all sorts of reminiscences of previous hot political contests. A gentleman from Oklahoma tells of an incident which occurred in Ardmore when that town was in the old Indian Territory. R. L. Williams is a little fellow, weighing not much more than a hundred pounds. George Mansfield is a six-footer and is all bone and sinew. They sat opposite each other at a hotel dining table on one occasion when Mansfield made "rather nawsty" remarks about those who favored a man whom Mansfield opposed. Williams said, "Of course you don't intend your remark to apply to present company." Mansfield replied to the effect that the man whom the cap fitted was privileged to wear it. Whereupon Williams picked up a quart pitcher filled with Oklahoma molasses and landed it forcibly upon the forehead of the giant. Two hours were required to remove the molasses and the broken crockery from Mr. Mansfield's brow—and the incident resulted in electing Mr. Williams to the bench in Oklahoma. He is still one of the judges of the state.

The Bradford Era very neatly sums up the political situation in the following editorial:

The conservatives of the Republican party have won. They are experts in the game of practical politics and have routed the opposing forces of the Progressive wing of the party organization. The convention was a bitterly contested conflict from start to finish and the longer it lasted the greater became the spirit of acrimony that divided the Republican factions.

The Roosevelt followers refused to accept the nominee of the faction in control and a new party, favoring the views of the Progressives, headed by Co. Roosevelt is being organized.

The Democrats, this week, will convene at Baltimore and place a ticket in nomination—and present indications denote that the Democracy will also have factional troubles of a serious nature. William J. Bryan, will lead in the movement to force the nomination of a Progressive. Rival leaders, on the other hand, will endeavor to have nominated for the presidency a semi-conservative candidate and adopt a platform not too radical in its declarations.

Not in many years has the Democracy possessed so excellent an opportunity to make a winning fight against a divided opposing party. But should there be a split among the Democrats, as it now threatened, the prospects of Democratic victory will be greatly lessened.

If the reactionary wing of the Democracy is successful in dominating the convention the disaffected progressives will naturally turn towards the Republican insurgents and many Democratic votes will be cast for Roosevelt.

Meanwhile, the "peerless leader," William J. Bryan, is looming up strongly as a presidential possibility and it is a fact now quite well recognized that a vast number of Democrats would be pleased to see him nominated. It may also be asserted truthfully that many anti-Roosevelt "progressive" Republicans, especially in the West, will feel a friendly interest in Bryan's possible candidacy.

And so the situation continues to be badly mixed. Political clamor of all varieties of discord is heard everywhere throughout the nation. Business is affected adversely and the outcome is a riddle. Nobody knows what to expect.

However, it is safe to predict that the great majority of voters will not be hopelessly confused by the noise and the uproar of clashing sentiments and hostile prejudices, but will carefully consider the problems presented. The November election will dispose of many "paramount issues" and will clarify the political atmosphere most effectually.

And the safe and sane citizenship of the republic will continue to hold the balance of power.

MR. TAFT AND MR. SHERMAN NOMINATED.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Thayer, assistant sergeant-at-arms, pulled out of his pocket a gold framed picture of Taft and this was the signal for another wild outburst. Chairman Root rapped vainly for order, but the blows of his gavel went unheeded in the din.

Sergeants-at-arms rushed out and forced the furling of the Taft banners and the pocketing of the picture by Thayer. The din continued. Groups stood on their chairs and shouted in compelling unison, "Taft, Taft."

An aged woman, who gave her name as Mrs. A. M. Gardiner, of Philadelphia, came to the front of the stage, unfurled the red banner and amid a deafending outburst, waved it in the air, just as a younger woman, a few days ago, caused a new outburst of enthusiasm for Col. Roosevelt.

Root pounded vainly. Harding came to the front of the rostrum, his hand raised, appealing for order. He was ignored. Police in the aisles could not stem the onrushing tide of the enthusiasts.

Finally Sergeant-at-Arms Stone ordered the police in the galleries to force spectators to keep their seats and remain quiet.

Root finally succeeded in restoring a semblance of order, by such exertion that his face was flushed with effort. The demonstration lasted exactly 15 minutes, to the time Root finally forced the tumult to subside. Harding resumed, making brief reference to the applause.

A moment later when Harding made reference to the President as the greatest progressive of his time, the demonstration threatened to break out anew. A chorus of cheers that swelled louder and louder was only stopped by an incipient riot that started in the aisle adjacent to the Florida delegation's seat.

Policement rushed over and the delegates forgot their cheering and the speaker, while they turned to see the scrap.

Sergeant-at-Arms Stone ordered everybody to take their seats, but there was a rush to the scene of the fight. The police could not locate the main belligerents, but it later developed that passing of the lie between James Smith, a wealthy ranchman of Missoula, Mont., and Matthew McFarland, colored, of Tampa, Fla., had started the set-to. McFarland suffered severe scratches and lost about five drops of blood, his self-possession and his cane.

The Roosevelt supporters heckled Harding throughout most of his speech, hissing and booing.

The demonstration against the speaker finally became so bitter that Chairman Root stopped Harding, to rebuke the Roosevelt men.

When Iowa's name was called, surprise was created when that state did not present the name of Senator Albert B. Cummins, the favorite son.

Seconding speeches were made by John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, and Nicholas Murray Butler of New York.

Then came Michael B. Olbrich, of Madison, Wis., to nominate Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin.

Olbrich, whose platform appearance was suggestive of the man he was naming, was given a goodly ovation, his home state leading with the Wisconsin battle cry.

Senator William O. Bradley of Kentucky, who was to have seconded the nomination of President Taft, rose from a sick bed and against his physician's orders, determined to deliver his speech. He had not been on the platform more than a few minutes, when he became so ill that he was forced to return to his hotel.

The Senator is suffering from intestinal trouble.

In the middle of Olbrich's speech someone lowered from the narrow aisle that spanned the top of the convention hall, a red, white and blue pennant, on the end of which was pinned a picture of President Taft. The banner was lowered over and in front of the Wisconsin delegates, the galleries and delegates joined at once in a mighty shout of protest. There was hisses and shouts of "shame!"

That forced Olbrich to stop his address. Chairman Root pounded for order, yelling to the galleries to keep quiet, while the sergeantat-arms and his deputies attempted the difficult job of lowering the banner. They were unsuccessful and it remained suspended throughout Olbrich's speech.

Root then started the roll call which proceeded very much as in the case of the vote on the platform, the Roosevelt men still refusing to vote.

Roosevelt delegates from Massachusetts caused a scene and vexed the chairman but the roll call proceeded finally.

Meanwhile a band started to play the stirring strains of the national anthem. Everybody—Taft, Roosevelt, La Follette, Cummins and non-voting delegates all joined in applause, standing on their seats. Fosdick was ignored. The demonstration, however, lasted but a few minutes. Chairman Root aiding in curtailing it by pounding for order and evidently the delegates were too tired to enthus any further.

Root declared Taft formally the choice of the convention.

Ex-Representative J. Van Vechten Olcott of New York then nominated the present Vice-President, James Schoolcraft Sherman, to be Taft's running mate, consuming scarcely 50 words in the task.

A party of Ohio seconded Sherman's nomination. There were no other nominations, except that presented waggishly by a delegate from Pennsylvania who suggested Senator Boise Penrose, ex-boss of the Keystone State "because he could carry his own State." Root disregarded the "nomination."

A New Hampshire delegate attempted to head off the roll call, moving to make Sherman the Vice-Presidential choice by acclamation, but there was a mighty shout of angry protest from Wisconsni, California and Maryland delegates and Root ignored the request. As the roll call started the noise of visitors and delegates leaving the hall practically deserted. Root begged for order, but the delegates were plainly anxious to get away and either tramped about bidding good-byes or sat in knots talking over the Taft victory. The galleries were half emptied in ten minutes. The vote:

Sherman, 597.
Hadley, 14.
Howard Gillette, 1.
Borah, 21.
Beveridge, 2.
Not voting, 352.
Absent, 71.
Charles Merriman, 20.

PERSONAL MENTION.

B. F. Starsky was a Buffalo visitor the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haley are visiting friends in Buffalo this week.

Miss Arlindus Langrehr was the guest of Bradford friends over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard and children were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Miss Maude Irons left yesterday for Chicago where she will make a visit with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton returned home Thursday evening from a western trip.

Miss Mabel Bronk is at Lock Haven this week to attend the commencement exercises.

Sheridan Gorton, Jr., of New York city is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton.

Mrs. Guy McCoy and children who have been spending a month at Finlay Lake returned home to-day.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin and Mrs. Claude Raymond were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus over Sunday.

Miss Charlotte Bosworth of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hamlin.

Guy B. Mayo, who was a delegate to the Republican National convention at Chicago, returned home this morning.

Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie, Pa., are the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Willey of Independence, Kan., were calling on their many friends in town Friday and Saturday.

Fred Milroy and Miss Jennie Milroy, who have been the guests of Port Allegany friends and relatives, have returned home.

Francis Briendal has returned from St. Bonventure's college at Allegany, to spend the summer vacation with his parents.

Miss Ethel Bronk who graduated from the Lock Haven State Normal school this week will pass her summer vacation with Smethport relatives.

Hon. J. W. Bouton, John Forrest, G. W. Mitchell of this place, A. W. Mitchell and Pitt Gifford of Erie, Pa., and William Forrest of Antrim, Pa., left Friday for Canada where they will fish for the next ten days.

(Additional Personals on Page 5.)

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending June 22nd, 1912:

Fundak, Pilep (Foreign)
Tevan, Becco (Foreign)

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

GIRL WANTED.

Good dining room girl. Apply at Hotel Hazel, Hazelhurst, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Celia A. Sprague, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Celia A. Sprague, late of Keating township, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to O. T. Chase, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay.

Smethport, Pa., May 27, 1912.-6t

Graduates

Westbrook Academy graduates are at a premium, as usual. Sixty-three have been recommended to positions this year. Students are now booking for our 31st school year, to open Sept. 5. Catalogue free. Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

Your Vacation
Have You Decided Where

The booklet entitled "Summer Trips and Tours" issued by this Company may be of assistance to you. It is issued to assist you in your summer vacation decision.

"Summer Trips and Tours" brims over with hopeful vacation suggestions, and gives very thorough information regarding railroad and steamship fares and routes to the points mentioned.

NO CHARGE IS MADE

for "Summer Trips and Tours"

A copy will be presented you by any agent of the

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg R. R.

"THE WAY TO GO."

MEN ONLY
All Wool Blue Serge Suit Sale.
25---Blue Serge Suits---25
[Absolutely Guaranteed.]
GOING AT
$11.25
Try one on now while we have your size.
H. W. Rubin,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

TOILET ARTICLES

Our line of Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To **Brasted's**

Reconstructed
Pierce-Arrow

Pierce-Arrow cars have always been built in a manner that has fitted them for all requirements of road work. Every reconstructed Pierce-Arrow that is offered for sale by us, is ready for a journey to any part of the country. Confidence in their ability and durability is shown by the guarantee that protects them, it is the same guarantee that was given when they first came from the factory new. Prices of these reconstructed Models range from $1500 to $2800.

Pierce-Arrow Sales Company
756 Main Street
Buffalo, N.Y.

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

THE EVER GLORIOUS 4TH.

WILL SOON BE HERE.

Our line of Fire works and Flags is complete. We have flags in all sizes and prices. When you come to Smethport the Fourth don't forget to stop in and look over our line of Hammocks, sporting goods and general hardware. You are always welcome whether you wish to buy or not.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

ARE YOU a PROGRESSIVE

It is a birth right given to you to vote as you please. The same right given to you to purchase Groceries. We belong to no trust or combination of prices being the result of our increase in business where groceries are sold at their Market Value.

Best Granulated Sugar	6c lb
7 Bars Oak Leaf Soap	25c
7 Bars Lenox Soap	25c
6 Bars Fells Naptha	35c
Large Size Gold Dust	19c
Royal Baking Powder	39c
Kellogg's Corn Flakes 9c, 3 for	25c
Post Toasties 9c, 3 for	25c
3 Cans Corn	25c
Arm & Hammer Soda	6c
7 lbs Best Oat Flakes	25c
Good Rio Coffee	23c
Good Green Tea	38c

Headquarters for Fresh Fruit and Vegetables.

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery — Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethpot, Thursday, June 27, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—C. W. Dickinson is having his house on Bank street treated to a coat of paint.

—H. W. Rubin has a special sale on men's suits this week. Read the advertisement.

—A new cement walk is being laid in front of the Jerry McCarthy property on East Main street.

—Neil Gleason has purchased the Greer house on Green street in this borough. Consideration $1,400.—

—Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street last evening.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brooke at Cleveland, Ohio, on June 25, 1912, a boy. Their many friends here extend congratulations.

—The Sugar Bowl, in the Holder block, will be opened to the public to-morrow, and flowers will be given to their guests after 7 o'clock in the evening.

—Rev. and Mrs. J. Heber McCandless have purchased a new Columbia Silent-Knight automobile through the agency of the Backus Novelty Company, and they expect a delivery the latter part of this week.

—The seniors of the Shinglehouse High School, accompanied by Myra Cloos, Anna Connors and Mattie Cole, enjoyed a tour to Washington, D. C. They were joined by other classes at Williamsport, Pa., and all report a fine time.

—District Attorney Wilson and County Detective Jones have been making a tour of the county looking up the condition of the roads. No arrests have been made but several supervisors have been warned that they must give us better roads or be prosecuted.

—Sunday will be observed as Children's Day at the Methodist Episcopal church. At the morning service the pastor will speak to the children on the subject "What's In a Name?" Parents are invited to bring children to this service. In the evening at 7:30, the Children's Day concert.

—News has been received by Detective Jones that Herbert Smith of Norwich, who has been at the State Home near Erie, has ran away. This is the second time he has got away and we understand he will not be taken back to the Home. Detective Jones is on the lookout for him.

—A number of friends tendered Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Strong a surprise last Friday night, it being the eleventh anniversary of their marriage. The I. O. O. F. band serenaded them and excellent refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Strong were presented with two handsome dishes as a slight token of the esteem in which they are held by their friends.

—Miss Ella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Falconer of Guffey, and Mr. Charles Miller were united in marriage at the First Methodist church of Bradford on Friday, June 14, 1912. They have many friends in this vicinity who wish them happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Miller leave to-day for Whittier, California, where they have a home, at 324 South Washington Ave.

—Mrs. F. W. Brownell underwent a very delicate operation at her home on King street last Thursday afternoon, when Dr. Benninghoof of Bradford, and Dr. Clark of this place removed two tumorous growths from her breast. Mrs. Brownell withstood the shock very well and is getting along nicely at this time. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery.

—A pretty good true automobile story it told about a prominent McKean county resident. He was going on an extended business trip and just before leaving he ordered an automobile as a surprise to his wife. While he was away his wife thought she would surprise her husband by purchasing an automobile and now they have two cars on their hands, one of which is for sale.

—Yesterday morning while a number of carpenters were engaged in raising the roof of C. C. Choate's residence on Pike street the scaffolding fell with four men on it. Ed. Norman managed to catch hold of the roof and pull himself upon it, but the others went down. J. H. Stull was painfully bruised about the face and left eye and his left arm was bruised. A. H. Kidder had his back and side bruised, and B. T. Downey injured his arm so badly that he was obliged to lay off. The others continued to work. The scaffold fell fourteen feet and it is extremely lucky that none were more seriously injured.

—New Castle has been flooded with counterfeit silver dollars the past few weeks. The bogus money is such a good imitation of the genuine that it passes very readily. One business man found four counterfeit dollars in the cash drawer at the close of a day's business. A bogus coin of the denomination named was passed into the Pennsylvania railroad ticket office there the other day but when it was tossed on the hardwood topped counter the dead sound gave it away as a counterfeit and it was politely handed back. No remonstrance followed on the part of the man buying the ticket.

—We learn that a new company has been formed to locate a chemical factory at Betula. This comapny has leased or purchased considerable land a short distancae down the stream from Betula and we understand will start the erection of their factory in a short time. They have purchased all the chemical wood on the big Goodyear tract and will also use the available waste from the big mill at Norwich and the stave factory at Betula. Among the prominent stockholders in this company are Quinn & Sherman, formerly of Straights, and John Troy of Olean, all well known and successful men in this line of business.

—County Detective Jones was in Port Allegany Tuesday and Wednesday to look up some alleged professional gamblers of whom he had complaints. After an investigation he arrested Henry Serls and C. J. Baker, on a charge of running a gambling house and being common gamblers. They were brought up before Justice Allen and after admitting their guilt, were held in the sum of $200 each for their appearance at the next term of court. Ed. Cobgska, for whom he also had a warrant on the same charge, got wind of the arrest of his pals and departed for parts unknown. Later Cobgska returned and plead guilty and was held for court in the same sum as his pals.

—A Mt. Jewett dispatch dated June 24 says: Joe Ross, employed as a laborer on the B., R. & P. railroad, was killed this afternoon about 3 o'clock and another laborer whose name was not obtained, was severely injured. The two men were raising the track when a lever they were using was suddenly released. The iron bar struck Ross on the jaw and his neck was broken. His companion also received a blow from the same lever and he was cut and bruised about his chin. Dr. Elliott was summoned. Coroner Sherman was notified and will investigate. Undertaker A. O. Lantz took charge of the body. Ross, the victime of the accident, was 35 years of age and leaves a wife, one son and one daughter. Only last Saturday, it is said, that he sent money to the old country to have his family come to America to join him.

—Earl Aggers, of this place, informed us that he was positive that he saw two wolves in the woods near Sergeant, the other day. He came upon the animals while they were drinking from a creek and watched them for at least five minutes. He yelled at them and they started off like two deer. Many will doubt this, but it will be remembered that a number were seen in the vicinity of DuBois last winter, and which were supposed to have crossed the ice from the Canadian woods, and had inhabited many places on this side. Mr. Aggers has been in the oil and gas business most of his life and has traversed the woods many times while going over the leases, and has also spent considerable time hunting big game, and is positive the animals he saw were wolves, as they had a long bushy tail with a head and nose resembling that of a collie dog, and that their hair was a dark brown.—Kane Republican.

—An Erie dispatch of June 20 says: In a motor car collision to-night, John MacDonald, aged 36, was killed; Harrison Reed, aged 35, son of C. M. Reed, a millionaire, was fatally injured; and two young women, Miss Mary Galloway and Miss Blanche Dawley, were seriously hurt. The accident occured within a mile of where Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Snider, of Cincinnati, were killed Monday when their car was struck by a train. Reed was driving the machine at high speed, it is said, when he attempted to pass the machine of Mrs. Thora Strong Ronalds, daughter of Charles H. Strong, the millionaire capitalist, and wife of Reginald Ronalds, of New York. The hubs of the two cars struck and Reed's car caught in the street car track, turning turtle. Mrs. Ronalds escaped without injury but the four occupants of Reed's machine were thrown out. MacDonald's head was crushed and he died within a few momonts. It is said Reed will die and the condition of both women is considered critical.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mabel Eagan left Saturday for Marshfield, Oregon.

M. C. Bain was in Bradford and Kane Monday on business.

Miss Lena Sporer of Niagara Falls is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Fred J. Maaser.

Mrs. J. W. Flatt of Corydon, Pa., is a guest at the home of her brother, R. T. Lyle.

Frank Armstrong and George McGowan of Norwich were visitors in town yesterday.

B. S. Bayle of Ambridge, Pa., was calling on his many friends in town a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin returned Tuesday from a visit with relatives at Geneva, N. Y.

Mrs. E. A. Studholme returned home Thursday evening from a trip to Hamburg and Buffalo.

Mrs. Haskell Hockenberry and infant son returned to their home last Thursday from Bradford.

Mrs. C. H. Curtis is spending a few days in Punxsutawney the guest of her sister, Mrs. P. T. Tweed.

Mrs. Ralph Gleason who has been the guest of her brother, E. L. Ryan, and family at Buffalo, has returned home.

Mrs. Levina Callen returned Tuesday from a two weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Etta Leach, at Newton.

Miss Theo Freeman who has been the guest of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris at Medina, N. Y., has returned home.

Dr. G. E. Benninghoof of Bradford was in town last Thursday and performed a surgical operation on Mrs. F. W. Brownell.

Mrs. Lewis Marks and daughter, Emma Agnes, who have been the guests of Mrs. A. W. Mitchell at Erie, Pa., have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott Walker left yesterday for Cedar Point, Ohio, where Mr. Walker it attending a meeting of glass manufacturers.

Dr. John Tretton and son, John, of Rochester, N. Y., were guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton, a few days last week.

Mrs. James McKean and grandchildren Margaret and James Hubbard, left Saturday for a three weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Cortland, N. Y.

Mrs. W. L. Hammar, Mrs. S. F. Redfield and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin and Chauffeur Walter Brenneman left last Sunday in the former's automobile for a visit to Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. C. L. Balsley and daughter, Virginia, of New York city arrived in town Saturday and expect to spend the summer with the former's mother, Mrs. Julia Richmond.

(Additional Personals on Page 4)

EVERY PAIR OF SUMMER PANTS

Reduced TO $2.50 A PAIR

Not a pair worth less than $3.50 and most of these Pants sold for $4.00 and $4.50. Made Peg Top and Cuff bottom.

YES! $2.50, THAT'S ALL.

We've got your size.

MONHEIMERS'

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Don't Buy Tire Worries With a Pleasure Car.

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PHONE 7.

The Lady of the House

By Ward Trail

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She met him first at the oyster supper in the Memorial church basement where she was helping to serve. Coming from the little kitchen with a large tray, heavily loaded with "fry," she had looked very pretty with her face framed with little curling tendrils and flushed from exertion, and he had gone to her instantly.

He relieved her of the heavy tray and masterfully took her over to eat supper with him, and she did not serve any more that evening. They were never introduced because every one thought from the look of recognition that passed between them that they had met before. He laughingly called her attention to it, explained it to her obvious satisfaction and demanded her name in exchange for his.

All her life Electra Arnold had lived in Rockville, and all during the grown-up portion of her life she had been waiting for the right man to come and take her away. She hoped he would take her to New York. She had spurned the tentative attentions of the village swains that she might be fancy free when he came. In her dreams his name had always been Charles Algernon, nothing else, but when he owned up to Arthur Taswell Palmer, she thought that even better.

He saw her every day and escorted her to all the village social functions, and she was much envied and more quizzed by the neglected belles. Others there were who loved Electra, and they warned her of the dangers of taking up with a man whose people no one knew. He might even be married. The warnings fell on deaf ears.

He told her of his work; he was a writer, and one day he told her that he had succeeded in landing in an editorial chair at a salary that permitted him to marry and live in New York. She never knew exactly what it was he had said or what she had answered, but he had kissed her again and again and slipped a ring on her

She Threw Herself on the Bed in Agony.

finger as he left her that night. It was much more wonderful than anything she had dreamed and frightened her a little.

The next morning she went in to the city and browsed in the delights of chiffons and such, trying to decide just what she would buy for the wonderful wedding. Her means were small, and when late afternoon came she had a handbag comfortably filled with samples and three style books under her arm. She was very tired, having entirely forgotten to eat luncheon, and had to run to catch the six o'clock car out. She tumbled pell mell into her seat just as the car pulled out, dropping samples from the handbag that had come open during the chase.

Presently her attention was drawn to the two men in the seat ahead by hearing the name "Artie Palmer" mentioned. Electra leaned forward and deliberately listened. Whatever concerned her Artie Palmer concerned her.

"Yes, I'm glad he's tied up at last. The lady is quite all right, too, and Artie needs the money."

"But it does seem a funny thing to think of Artie and the lady of the house hitting it off together, he's been a free-lance so long."

"Wonder how he came out on that trip to Rockville? Bet he hung around some skirt there all the time digging out ideas of a 'village woman' for that blessed paper. Well, so long, old man. See you tomorrow," and the speaker swung off at the hotel.

Electra sat huddled back in her seat. They were never talking about her when they mentioned the lady of the house, for she had no money to bring him. Was it possible that he had merely been getting ideas for his paper from her? He had told her he was a writer and was looking for material. Electra did some hard thinking and many things seemed possible. When she left the car her mouth was settled in a hard, straight line.

She slipped softly into the house and up to her room. The fashion magazines she hid under the bureau and the samples were consumed ruthlessly in the open grate. Two red spots burned in her cheeks and she had forgotten that she was hungry.

Presently she heard the sound of wheels on the hard road outside the gate.

"I'll just drive on down to the cars and walk for her there," the grave, tender voice floated up to her, and she threw herself on her bed in agony, stuffing the corner of the spread into her mouth lest she call him back.

Next morning's mail brought her a letter.

"My darling," it ran, "I was so disappointed at not finding you last night. How could you go away without letting me know? I had a wire today calling me to New York at once on some preliminary business in connection with my new job, and I must leave at eight tonight. I love you. Electra. "Arthur T. Palmer."

Electra turned hot and cold as she read the note. He was called to New York. Yes, after last night, he had all the material he needed! He was false, false, false; and he had kissed her and made her say she loved him! She buried her face in her hands.

For a week daily letters came from him, but she hid them away—unopened. A paper came also, addressed in his writing, and that was sadly put away with the letters.

And then one day after dinner she slipped off down by the big pines to be alone, but her mother, glancing out of the window, had seen her go. So when Mr. Palmer called she sent him there.

Electra, sobbing with hidden face, did not know any one was near until she was gathered up in his arms. Her protests were smothered in kisses and her struggles were calmed by his strength. Her head lay wearily back on his shoulder. Little by little he got the whole story of his perfidy from her.

"But surely when the lady came you understood?"

"Nobody came. Oh, did you dare to send her here?" she moaned, straining away from him.

Suddenly he took his arms from about her shoulders and shook her soundly.

"Stop it!" he commanded and nettled her back against a tree. "Now," he said, folding his arms and looking in her eyes, "do you mean to tell me that you didn't get my letters?"

"I got some, b-but I didn't open any after the one where you said you were going away."

"Then I suppose you did not open 'The Lady of the House' either?"

"What?"

"A sample copy of the magazine I am to edit in order to afford to marry you. Go up to the house and read those letters and open that magazine and look it over, and then if you want to see me, come back here."

March, now!"

Electra stared at him with wide-open eyes as he settled himself comfortably on the soft brown needles, and then—she "marched."

DISCOVERED BUT NOT KNOWN

Extensive Areas in Brazil and Australia Still Without the Pale of Our Knowledge.

Lying within the basin of the headwaters of the Amazon in western Brazil are three regions much larger in area than all the New England states which are still outside the pale of our knowledge. This large territory lies between the parallel of 10 degrees south latitude and 5 degrees north latitude, and the meridians of 60 degrees west longitude. Not a country of South America has been accurately defined and fully explored. The great difficulties with which the scientist must contend in mapping this continent in the equatorial regions account for the large areas still uncharted. It is the hardest section of the world to penetrate. Dense forests, a deadly climate inducing the worst scourges of disease, as yellow fever, cholera, beriberi, etc., the fierce wild beasts, poisonous serpents and savage tribes are some of the obstacles to be encountered in penetrating the Amazon country.

The entire central portion of Australia is an unknown tract save for a direct line in which the transcontinental telegraph system has been laid. The greatest difficulty was encountered in stretching the wires across the desert waste and the small strip thus opened up is all that is known of the heart of the island continent. It is supposed to be a vast sandy plain, interspersed here and there with salt lakes to vary the horrible monotony. Hundreds of daring men have tried to penetrate its mysteries, and most of them have paid for their temerity with their lives. Then there is the "Never-Never" land in western Queensland, into which many have gone and few have returned. In the south of the country, extending for hundreds of miles inland from the great Australian Bight, is a terra incognita, the extent and nature of which can only be surmised.—Christian Herald.

Wrongly Used.

Two Irishmen were looking through a newly built institution.

Mike—Sure, Pat, and it's a foine building.

Pat—It is that.

Mike—An' everything in order, an' all kept nate an' toidy.

Pat—I don't know about that, Mike. Just now I saw a whole row of buckets; whim I looked in them there was wather in them!—Ideas.

On a Stormy Night

By Maxime Gorki

Suddenly a strange thing happened. The vague spot formed by my window was lighted by a blush, phosphorescent light, which grew, and spread rapidly to the walls of my room. And in this blue light which filled the room there appeared, coming I know not from whence, a thick cloud, pale, smoky, strewn with sparks which reminded me of human eyes. They wavered strangely, as if moved by some mysterious influence. This cloud rose, melted, became more transparent, tore itself into pieces, froze me with fear and cold, seemed to me to be infinite, menacing; and from this vapor there came forth a sound like an angry murmuring. Then the ragged fragments fell apart, became distinct. Visible to my eyes in the blue radiance which suffused them, they slowly turned, and took, little by little, forms well known and familiar.

From what place do these shadows come, and who are they? I asked myself, full of wonder and alarm.

"Who are we, and whence come we?" said a grave voice, a voice whose sound was slow and cold. "Bethink yourself. Do you not recognize us?"

I silently shook my head, denying all possible relation with these shadows. And they reeled, uncurbed, in the air, as though they were dancing some wild saraband in rhythm with the storm outside. The silhouettes, scarcely perceptible, half transparent, crowded along, noiselessly, before me. Suddenly I distinguished among them an old man, a blind old man, holding by the waist a woman, aged and bent, who looked at me with eyes full of reproach. Their rags were covered with snow-flakes of a dazzling brightness, and they spread a chill about them. I knew who they were; but why were they there?

"Now you recognize us?"

I knew not if it were the voice of the tempest which I had just heard or that of my own conscience; but that voice had an imperious tone which mastered me.

"You have seen who we are," the voice continued, "and the others are also the heroes of your tales; children, women, and men whom you have

"What Did They Want With Me?"

made suffer for the pleasure of those who read you. Open your eyes, look, they are going to march in front of you, and you can judge how many and how pitiable are these products of your imagination."

Then the shadows passed along. The first were a young boy and a little girl, like two great snow-flowers, spreading round them a lunar light.

"See here, at first," said the voice, "two children whom you made die under the window of a house in which a Christmas tree was shining. You remember; they looked at it, trembling with desire; and they stayed there, frozen and motionless!"

My little heroes passed silently before me, and vanished in the blue radiance. In their place an exhausted woman, with a pale face, showed herself.

"This one is the mother, anxiously expected, who, also upon Christmas eve, was hastening back from the village, a long way off, bringing some poor little gifts for her children, and who fainted upon the road."

I looked at the shadow with fear and pity.

And the troop continued to pass. The inexorable voice enumerated the heroes of my sad works. And these hero-phantoms floated before me; their white garments waved; I shivered before the cold which flowed from those mournful, silent shadows. Their slow movements, and the unspeakable anguish of their vague looks, oppressed me. What did they want with me? What was the meaning of this sight?

The last one, the blind old man, with his rags stiff with sleet, came slowly in front of me, and fixed upon me his lustreless, wide-open eyes. His beard sparkled with frost and icicles hung at the corners of his mouth. The old woman had the blissful smile of a child; but that smile was fixed, frozen in, the unmoving wrinkles of her cheeks.

At last the spectres faded away in the air, but the whirlwind still sang its melancholy refrain, and aroused in my soul a feeling of rebellion. I had been considering all the strange forms in silence, and as if through the fog of sleep; but now something arose within me, and I wished to speak. Again the spectres came together in a single group and formed a confused cloud, wherein I saw eyes of all colors, the eyes of my characters, which looked upon me with anguish. I grew more and more distressed and ashamed under those looks, so dull and lifeless.

The tempest ceased to roar, and all noise died away with it. I no longer heard the monotonous ticking of my watch, nor the rustling of the snow, nor the voice which had spoken to me. There was perfect silence, and the vision hung in the air, and seemed to be awaiting some mysterious signal. And I also waited, passionately, with all the strength which remained in my weakened soul.

This lasted for a long time, and I could not withdraw my gaze from the vision, until I cried out at last:

"My God! Why is this? What does all this mean?"

Then the slow, passionless voice was heard again:

"Reply yourself to your own questions. Why did you write all those things? Without contenting yourself with real troubles, with the tangible and visible misfortunes of life, why have you invented new tortures and told them to people, forcing yourself to depict your woeful fancies as though they had really existed? What do you wish to do? To destroy the scant remnants of courage still left to men, and to deprive them of all hope of better things by showing them only the evil? Are you, perchance, an enemy of brightness and hope, and do you take pleasure in creating the blackest and the saddest things, in order to add, without respite, to the disenchantment of the human race? Or do you, indeed, hate to live by representing existence as an ordeal without end? What is your purpose? Speak!"

I was dismayed. Strange reproaches, were they not? Everybody uses the same method in writing, especially when Christmas stories are in question. One takes a poor little boy or a poor little girl, and makes them die of cold, no matter where, under the windows of some fine house where the lighted tree is shining. It is a custom; I have followed it—that is all. I felt justified and decided to explain the meaning of my Christmas tales.

"Listen," I began; "I do not know who you are, and I do not wish to know. You have asked me some questions. Very well, I am going to answer them; and afterwards I hope that you will not longer deny me the right to sleep in peace for the remainder of the night. In portraying these miseries and agonies I only think of awakening in others sentiments of compassion and humanity; I try to soften hearts which, alas, are often dry and hard."

A strange alarming movement took place among the shadows. I looked at them, stupefied, without understanding their meaning. They turned about in a silent round, as though a sudden attack of fever had seized upon all of them. They writhed, as if struggling in a whirlpool which threatened to carry them away, to tear them to pieces. Again the tempest howled, whistled, laughed, and moaned. And the spectres trembled; their lifeless eyes were still as cavernous as before, although the faint outlines of their faces were contracted by horrible, phantom-like grimaces. The blue phosphorescent light wavered under this silent, incomprehensible dance of the spectres.

A cold sweat broke out upon my body, and my hair stood on end.

"They are laughing," said the passionless voice.

"At what?" I asked in a voice scarcely audible.

"At you."

"Why?"

"Because of the silliness of your childish talk. By depicting imaginary troubles you wish to awaken good feelings in the hearts of men for whom real troubles are a sight only too common! Reflect! If the miserable reality fails to touch men, and does not wound their souls, will your idle fancies enlighten their conscience? And you think that you can succeed? And you cherish such a hope?"

The grinning spectres continued their merriment. It seemed to me that it would never end, that I should see it, filled with terror, until the day of my death. The tempest, also laughed cynically, and deafened me, and still the soulless voice talked, and talked.

I strove to escape from the obsession. I wrapped myself in darkness, full of grief and rage.

And, suddenly, rolling from my bed, I was cast head-foremost into a dark abyss, in which I swallowed, suffocated by the swiftness of my fall. The pitiless laughter of the spectres pursued me. Through the shadows they seemed to gaze at me, fixedly.

At dawn I awoke with a violent pain in my head, and a sense of distress. My first action was to seize the pages in which I had described the adventures of the blind old man and his companion. I tore them up without rereading. I threw the fragments out of the window, and they were scattered by the morning breeze. And with them flew away at once all those visions born of the hallucinations of the night, which had brought before my eyes all the sorrows distresses, oppressions, the inexhaustible story of which I had wished to tell.

A Consideration.

"Do you want your wife to vote?"

"I don't mind," replied Mr. Growcher, "but I hope they don't make election day costumes too expensive."

Clemina Culpepper, Actress

By Annie Hamilton

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Richard Seymour caught his breath quickly and leaned forward in his seat. It was only a resemblance which had startled him, he assured himself. Dorothy Blair would not be playing a minor part in a second-rate company. This tired, work-aged actress with Dorothy's clear, beautiful eyes could not be the charming young woman who three years before had refused to marry him.

He had gone abroad immediately after her refusal and bits of home gossip reached him at long intervals. He heard that Dorothy, pursuing a dream she had always cherished, had gone on the stage. Of her success or failure he had heard nothing. Tonight, his first evening in his own land, he had gone into this theater because it was near his hotel.

The woman on the stage played her insignificant part with a mediocrity of ability. Her work was not good and it was not conspicuously bad. It was commonplace, and the audience paid little attention to her. On the bill her name was Clemina Culpepper.

Seymour's surprise at what he had considered a resemblance became apprehension, dread and at last an aching horror. The actress was Dorothy. The hard, strained voice, the stiff, stereotyped movements, the lines and shadows which showed beneath the paint had belonged to the Dorothy he had known. Only her eyes were unchanged, and by them he recognized her.

When the play had ended, he was at the stage door.

"Richard, you have come back. When did you come? How long have you been in the city?"

"I arrived today. I went into the theater tonight and recognized you. Let us go to some place where we can talk. Don't you want something to eat?"

She hesitated. "Do you mind going to a quiet place, Richard? I am wearing a very shabby gown."

It was a shabby gown, he noticed when she removed her long black coat in the little restaurant. Her hat, too,

"Richard, When Did You Come?"

was shabby. She had removed only a part of her make-up and her face was full of lines and shadows.

"Tell me about yourself, Richard. You have been successful. I am glad, I want to hear about your work."

"I don't want to talk about myself. I want to talk about you. Are you happy on the stage? Are you satisfied with the work you are doing?"

"You did not like my acting tonight, did you?" she asked, ignoring his question. "You think I am a poor actress in a poor company."

"I hoped for greater success for you, Dorothy."

"Of course you did, Dick, and you are disappointed to find me a shabby, second rate actress."

"Why don't you leave the stage?"

"I have my living to make."

"Dorothy, I can't stand this—I can't let you slave your life away in a profession for which you have no talent, in which you have become only a sad travesty of the beautiful, happy girl you used to be. Forgive my brutal frankness. I don't wish to hurt you. But I am so unhappy to find you in these circumstances that I can't help saying what I think."

Dorothy's chin was in the palm of one hand. With the other hand she was turning her fork over and over on the table and watching it intently.

"You are right, Dick," she said, without lifting her eyes from the moving fork. "Clemina Culpepper is a sad travesty."

"Dorothy, will you marry me?"

"Do you wish to marry a woman with no beauty, no talent, a battered failure? Pity, Dick, is not love."

"But I love you, Dorothy. I have always loved you. I want you even more than I did three years ago. You are still the same Dorothy at heart. Your eyes are as sweet and as true as they were the last time I saw you."

"A successful man ought not to marry a shabby actress."

"I hate success. I sat in the theater tonight hating it because it had to come to me instead of to you. I could have driven it away with a club if I could have made it go to you. Why should it come to a great, hulking man, who can take care of himself, and shy away from a gentle girl? Will you marry me, Dorothy?"

"Yes, I'll marry you—unless you decide that you don't want me. There is something which you will have to know and—and—you may not want me then."

"There is nothing that can come between us."

"Will you promise me that, Dick? Will you promise not to refuse to marry me when you learn—the—the something which I shall have to tell you?"

"I promise. Where do you live?" he asked, as he signaled a cab.

She mentioned a well-known hotel. He stared in amazement. For several minutes neither of them spoke.

As the cab turned into a brilliantly lighted street Dorothy laid her hand on his arm. "Look, Dick," she said softly, "at that sign."

Before a large theater stood a huge billboard bearing in electric lights the names of the leading members of the company playing there.

"Dorothy Blair" flared at the top of the board.

"What does that mean?" Are there two of your name or have you been—"

"Dick, your voice is hard and cruel. Don't speak so to me. I am the Dorothy Blair who is playing in this theater. Clemina Culpepper is a poor, broken-down actress who was in the same company that I was the first year I was on the stage. She was very kind to me; she mended my clothes, comforted me when I was homesick and discouraged, and took care of me when I was sick. She supports herself and her invalid husband. This is their wedding anniversary. There was an accident in our theater today which prevented a performance tonight.

"I remembered it was Clemina's anniversary and I insisted on taking her place tonight so that she and her husband could have their anniversary together. I had to be shabby and old and a poor actress in order that I should not be recognized either by the audience or by the people in the cast. I am not a great, famous star yet, but I have a leading part in a good company. And, Dick, you said nothing should come between us. You promised not to refuse to marry me. I do care for you, Dick. I've always cared, but I did not realize how much until tonight when you told me you loved a shabby old failure that you thought was I. And my career? Is there a woman who would not joyously give up a career if she were offered in place of it something a million times better?"

LAUGH WAS ON THE GIANT

Story of Thor's Wonderful Sword and the Big Fellow Who Thought Himself Invulnerable.

In the olden days, amid the glories of the northland, there lived a mighty giant who was sure that he was invulnerable. So he walked up and down the earth, grinning mightily, talking much and glorying in his strength. Neither sword of hero nor spear of warrior could so much as start the goose flesh on his leathern hide.

And he waxed bolder and bolder in his pride until he was heard one day to shout: "I am proof against everything! Thor himself has no spear that can harm me!"

Now when Thor heard of this boast he bent his brows and swore in his beard. Then he threw down his hammer and called for his great sword Balmung, the ancestor of all swords—the sword with edge so fine that no lightest hair could balance across it without dropping in twain. And Thor grasped Balmung and went forth in search of the giant.

When the giant saw him coming he showed all his teeth in one terrific grin and cried: "Ho! Here is where we show them!" and bared his swarthy bosom.

Then Thor strode three strides forward and with one swinging swish of Balmung he smote the giant fair amidships.

But the giant, looking down, saw only a thin red line around his fat stomach, and feeling no hurt, he cried triumphantly, "O, Thor, have I not said it? I am invulnerable!"

"Good!" cried Thor, "But pray shake thyself!"

Then the giant began to shake himself in a mighty laugh—when suddenly he fell apart in two pieces, and that laugh was called off forever!

So wondrous keen was Balmung, the sword of swords!

Bubbling Cup That Can Be Lifted.

The one great disadvantage of the ordinary bubbling cup sanitary fountain lies in the fact that the drinkers, whether they be men, women or children, tall, short, fat or thin, must place their lips to the cup instead of placing the cup to the lips.

In an endeavor to remedy this disadvantage, one sanitary drinking fountain manufacturer has designed a bubbler which may be raised to the height of the lips, so that the user may stand in a perfectly easy and natural position while drinking. This is made possible by a hose and cup arrangement, the hose consisting of a double tube. The inner tube is the feed pipe for the bubbler, and the outer tube acts as a waste pipe, carrying away the surplus water while the person is drinking. The flow of water through the inner tube is continuous, no matter what the position of the cup, but when the cup is lowered into its position in the fountain basin, the water flows over it and discharges into the basin, instead of being carried away by the outer tube.—Popular Mechanics.

Stephen's Statistics

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH

(Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press)

There was no question but that Miss Gladys Farnham got a good husband when she married Stephen Agnew He was with a life insurance company and stood high for character For the first three months after marriage there were entertainments at home and the theater and other things abroad but then a change came Mr Agnew became preoccupied He went about whispering to himself, and he neither wanted company at home nor to seek divertisement outside Every night upon his arrival home it was the library for him, and all the explanation he had was that he was very busy with office matters

If the young wife had been a coaxing persistent woman she could have learned all about it after a bit, but she didn't coax, and after what she felt was the one rebuff she had no more questions to ask She took it out in thinking and at the end of six months she had come to the conclusion that her husband was a disappointed man in marriage He was still kindly and even tempered but unless something preyed on his mind why should he go about with that absent look on his face, and why should he shut himself up at home?

There was a reason and the wonder was that it did not leak out sooner The life insurance company had promoted Mr Agnew on his marriage to a higher position and more salary but as an offset he must delve into statistics until he could reel right off the number of old women in Indiana who would die before the year expired, and the number of old men in Michigan who would never see another Christmas He must gather into the folds of his memory all the diseases that carried the insured to the grave—the average of longevity since Moses came out of the bulrushes—the action of the human heart after a meal of pork and beans—what the difference was between a man taking three or six nips per day and many other things

He wasn't the man to give up after he had started in simply because statistics danced before him day and night but he kept on accumulating and his wife kept on thinking she was shamefully neglected until a climax came A friend hinted at divorce, and that brought the climax

The plan adopted belonged to Mrs Agnew alone There was no statistics in it that is, none that she had to

"Heavens, Man, If——"

bother with Her husband had long since collected them On a Thursday afternoon when the cook had gone to the moving picture show, the wife worked up an expression befitting such an occasion and put on her hat and cloak and went to a drug store three blocks away She had been in there before with her husband It was the proprietor that came forward, and after swallowing the lump in her throat she gently asked

"Do you keep arsenic?"

"Certainly ma'am What is it to be used for?"

The stereotyped reply on such occasions is 'Rats!" and it was given

"But why not take a rat exterminator?"

"I'd rather have arsenic"

"You'll have to write your name and address in the book"

"Very well"

It was written and after she had secured enough arsenic to give fifty rats that tired feeling and then some more she departed

Mrs Stephen Agnew 234 Vine avenue read the druggist again as soon as the poison customer had left, and then he asked of his clerk

"Isn't that the wife of that insurance fellow who has come in here quite often to get something for throbbing in the head?"

"Shouldn't wonder"

"She looked as if she was in trouble and I'm sorry I let her have the stuff Well, I'm clear of the law, anyhow"

Two hours later the husband dropped into the store to say that he had wheels in his head again, and the druggist queried

"Married aren't you?"

"Oh yes"

"Live at 234 Vine avenue?"

"Yes About the wheels in my head. You must——"

"But I wanted to say that your wife was in here this afternoon and bought arsenic

"Good Lord!"

"To poison rats"

"But there isn't a rat about the house! Heavens, man, if——"

And he went up the street on the run, with the German delicatessen man and many small boys crying "Stop thief!" behind him The few seconds that it took him to unlock the door seemed hours Down the hall and into the sitting room, and he reeled as he noted what was on the reading table A glass of water, a spoon a square of paper bearing the label "Arsenic!"

"She's done it!"

Mr Agnew's statistics told him that at least four residents of Vine avenue ought to commit suicide that year but it had never occurred to him that his wife might be one of the number With a groan that ended in a wail he entered the bedroom There, on the bed was his wife and clutched in her fingers was a slip of paper bearing the words

"I forgive you! Farewell!"

A cry—a wail—the doctor!

The medical man said it was probably too late but he would do his best If the patient had taken all the poison it was an overdose and her life might be saved Mr Agnew was quiet for emetics and a stomach pump and then kept busy in the kitchen, and the doctor was about to begin his work when the woman sat up in bed and whispered

"Is he out in the kitchen?"

"Yes Did you take poison?"

"Not a grain"

"Well what sort of a circus do you call this?"

"I—I want to scare Stephen."

"Oh, I see. So the poison is all a bluff"

"Stephen is a good man, doctor, but he's all taken up with statistics or something and I can't get him out of the house of an evening or enjoy his company myself I thought he ought to have a shock Help me with it."

The doctor did Mr Agnew came in from the kitchen with mustard water and the hot water bag and salt and various other things, and he heard the stomach pump going and the doctor saying to himself that there was just one chance in a thousand If statistics in that case are ever compiled they will show that his tears flowed freely

Drawn back from the grave at last, and the doctor taken his departure the husband hung over the bed and appealed

"Darling what drove you to do it—what what?"

"Your neglect."

"But I——"

"You had got to be a stick of statistics You thought of nothing else You handed me mortuary tables from morning 'til night, and made me dream of them as well Why, Stephen I can tell you how many men in Ohio will break their necks in the next twelve months"

"Um! I see I had to learn the tables and carry them in my head"

The recovery of the patient was so rapid that the husband left for the office at the usual hour next morning He was back in a couple of hours however to exclaim

"Now old times shall come back!"

"What is it dear?"

"I've changed from life to fire insurance"

"Yes?"

"All the statistics you have to carry in fire insurance is that out of 8 000 farm barns 21 will be struck by lightning between May and October!"

Digs Mile of Ditch a Day.

The largest excavating machine ever built is capable of digging a mile of ditch six feet deep and 12 feet wide every day It is employed in the construction of canals and laterals comprising an irrigation system to water the 16 000 acres which compose the Cudahy ranch situated in the Imperial valley of Mexico The conditions are identical with those of the valley of the Nile, for this ranch is of silt lands built up by the ages of overflow of the Rio Grande The machine weighs 100 000 pounds and covers an area of 25x60 feet It is entirely of steel construction and is propelled by two thirty horse power oil engines The fore part of the machine carries the engines which drive a shaft wheel, which in turn, by a series of cogs and chains propels the machine over the ground and at the same time operates the immense circular digger carried at the rear This digger is equipped with scoops bearing sharpened blades of steel It first picks up the dirt and, revolving upward, drops its burden on to conveyors which carry it to both sides, depositing it upon the banks of the excavation The machine is so nicely adjusted that it can dig a ditch from two inches up to eight feet in depth and from four to 12 feet wide, shaping and finishing the excavation as it proceeds With this machine seven men do the work of 50 scraper shovels hauled by 100 mules, with a driver for each team

Wanted to Save His Soul.

The extension division of the University of Kansas has one less package library on Socialism since a woman at Harper took the liberty recently of showing her opinion regarding such literature

A young man rooming in her house had obtained from the university a number of books dealing with Socialism. He had left them on his library table The woman, in cleaning up his room, found the volumes which to her mind represented all the evils of anarchy and infidelity and unmentionable crimes She decided to save the young man from danger and lost no time in putting the vile books into the fire

The young man wrote an anxious letter to the extension department explaining the matter and the department has decided to excuse him—From the University Kansan.

An Intercepted Proposal

By KATHERINE HORTON

(Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press)

As he turned a corner of the piazza, Frank Bramley saw, with a thrill of joy, that for which all evening he had been vainly seeking

"The time, the place, and the girl!" he exclaimed

The girl was sitting on a lawn seat looking out across the bay The moon shone on her thoughtful half averted face, and lightly touched her brown burnished hair

"At last I have found you alone, Edith," he said, his voice vibrant with happiness as he sat beside her "There is always such a crowd of other chaps around you that I hardly get a word with you these days."

"Why, I didn't know that you cared to——"

She looked up in a startled way.

"Cared! Intuition must tell you, dear, that I'm mad about you."

"But I can't understand—we know each other so little."

"Quite long enough to realize if we love." In the subdued light his fingers closed on hers Then the moon came out from behind a floating cloud, and Bramley saw with a shock of amazement that the girl beside him was not Edith Mead He dropped her hand as if it burned him

"I did not dream of your caring this way, in the few days since we met," she was saying in her soft voice so like the other Edith's

"I—er—always decide things quickly," he foundered To himself he questioned desperately Who is she? Who else looks like Edith, answers to her name, yet isn't she?"

"Really, Mr Bramley I can't give an answer yet I shall have to take time to consider" She clasped her

Looking Out Across the Bay.

hands and looked up at him thought fully 'Yet, strangely enough, the hero of my dreams has always come to me out of the unknown"

"I never believed in long preliminary courtship"

"When we first met in front of the Waldrons, that afternoon, I judged you were impetuous," she laughed.

Here was a clew Bramley racked his brain to recall whom he had met that day He remembered Edith and three college friends had just alighted from a motor as he and Dick Calvin were passing the Waldrons' house, where the girls were to attend a reception Edith had presented them to the girls, who were swathed in auto veils He had not caught their names when introduced, nor did they make much impression. For was not Edith Mead there? Where she was nothing else had mattered to Bramley for a long time. Now he had won a near acceptance from another girl whose name he did not know He wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead

"You shall have time to think it over," said he "I am obliged to leave town for a few days on business, but shall hope to learn your answer when I return" With that he made his escape

"Well, of all embarrassing scrapes!" he ejaculated, when out of hearing 'After making such a break, I couldn't speak up and tell the girl I'd made a mistake! I must find Dick Calvin and learn her name, then think up some decent way out of it all"

But he was not to solve the mystery that night, nor for many others Dick Calvin had already gone, and he could find no one else who knew her The real Edith Mead was dancing with a young millionaire from Pittsburg, and when the waltz was over she was surrounded with an admiring coterie, so there was no chance to speak with her alone

He had spoken the truth about his projected business trip He was obliged to catch an early train for Chicago next morning, where his work detained him much longer than he had anticipated

When he reached home he found an invitation from the Waldrons to attend a dinner they were giving that evening

"It was there I first met the unknown Edith perhaps I'll meet her again At any rate I probably can learn something about her, he concluded

He arrived at the same time as another group of diners, and one said "I suppose you have heard of Miss Mead's engagement?"

'Edith Mead'

The other nodded "Yes, to young Dillon, the Pittsburg millionaire, who has been dancing attendance."

'Good match, all around," Bramley found himself saying All the while he was thinking tensely "Edith—the Edith I have loved! Well, maybe it's a good thing my proposal went astray, for it has saved us both the mortification of a rejection."

This thought brought him back to the object of his evening's quest. He had no chance before dinner of making inquiries direct or otherwise, concerning the mysterious girl to whom he had unwittingly proposed. As soon as he reached the drawing-room he was cornered by his hostess' niece, a vivacious bright-eyed debutante, who kept up a running fire of small talk until dinner was announced.

It was not till they were seated at the dinner table that he was able to see who were the guests. Across from him was Edith Mead, radiant, distinguished, with the millionaire's diamond sparkling on her third finger Searchingly, his eyes traversed the long table. Suddenly he caught his breath Next their host sat the counterpart of Edith Mead There was the same sunny-brown hair, the same long-lashed, dark eyes, the same willowy grace. Yet, despite their striking similarity, there was a subtle difference It was as if this other girl had been cast in a mold which produced less clear-cut beauty, but the slight irregularity of features contained more womanly sweetness than Edith Mead's had ever possessed

He was roused from his musing by the voice of his hostess asking "Is your mother going north this summer, Edith?"

Two pairs of brown eyes looked up interrogatively

"Do you mean my cousin's or mine?" archly inquired Miss Mead

Mrs Waldron laughed 'I had forgotten that you and Miss Carson were both named Edith Isn't it often confusing?"

'Yes, indeed! We have great fun over our similarity of names and appearance When we went to college it was hard to convince people we were only cousins"

The conversation drifted into other channels and though he took his part Bramley was covertly studying Miss Carson as he now knew her name to be He compared the two girls And oddly enough, she seemed the real love, Miss Mead the passing fancy

'Maybe my absurd blunder will bring me great happiness after all—if I can win her," he thought.

At that moment Miss Carson met his glance with an amused, enigmatical smile Certainly there was nothing lovelorn in her manner

'Perhaps she, too was merely trifling like the other," was Bramley's disconcerted thought, and resolved to put the question to a test at his earliest opportunity It was with great impatience that he awaited the end of dinner, and the time before the men joined the women seemed interminable.

At last he was free to seek her He asked her to sit out a dance with him, and though the laughing light came again to her eyes she consented Resolutely, he led the way to the secluded nook of the piazza where they had met before

'I am waiting for my answer, Miss Carson," he began, when they were seated on the bench overlooking the bay

She laughed lightly "Are you sure it is really I and not my cousin you want?"

Under cover of the sheltering darkness he felt the hot blood rush to his face "So she knew then!" he thought, but answered quietly: "It is you I want, Miss Carson"

'But I am not the one you meant to ask the other night"

"Why do you think so?"

"I am sure Something in your voice, a quality of surprise, told me as you turned away I am quick to detect such a mistake for my cousin and I are so often taken for each other"

He squared his shoulders manfully "I acknowledge the truth, Miss Carson I was mistaken then, but I am in earnest now."

There was no moon tonight, so he divined rather than saw the sudden seriousness of her face

"I honor your chivalry too much, Mr Bramley, to expect you for a moment to stand by your declaration"

"But I wish to,' he answered, boyishly "When I saw you together this evening I realized you were the one I really loved Won't you give me a chance to try to win you, Edith?"

For a moment there was tense silence Then their hands met and clung together as she said

"When you first spoke, I—I knew you were my dream-man come true"

His Status as a Foreigner.

What is a foreigner? It depends on the country In the United States it is a newcomer who has not yet had time to catch his breath, unpack his kit, and find a job In India, the case is different. An official at Malabar, South India, lately received a letter from a man whose status he was investigating, and who said: "I am a native of India by birth, but I have claim to foreign origin and foreign blood A colony of Syrians from Edessa settled in Malabar in A D 345 I belong to that sect and as such I have reason to claim foreign origin and foreign blood"

LOW TONES ARE A SEDATIVE

Pitch the Voice Deep When Under Nervous Tension and Self-Control Is Gained.

An excellent sedative for nervous excitement is found in using the voice at its lowest comfortable key Immediate relief from stuttering is often obtained by dropping the voice from a high pitch to a lower tone Teachers whose pupils become restless and unruly as they themselves grow tired and nervous will find that a low-pitched, quiet tone will relieve their own nervous tension, and prove wonderfully quieting to their pupils

This simple expedient is also useful when you are trying to control or prevent weeping There are times when a person fears to talk lest he break down and cry, yet must answer a question or carry on a conversation. Again, the deep lower tones of the voice, joined to slow, deep breathing, come to the rescue, and self-control is gained

In any situation where one must struggle for self-possession, the high pitched voice, with its expression of tense and self-confidence is a wo[rd] [of] [ad]. Even under ordinary circumstances the lower register of the speaking voice is richer and more musical. —Youth's Companion.

CURIOS FOR THE CHILDREN

One Room in Smithsonian Institution Filled With Objects of Interest to Young Folk.

Among the dim old rooms of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, is one very bright and cheery apartment, over the archway of which are the words "Children's Room." Here there are arranged all sorts of natural objects in which boys and girls are interested, such curious things as mineral wool, flexible sandstone, landscape marbles, a model of the Great Mogul, the largest diamond ever cut, and another of the largest lump of gold ever found

In another case are the strange glove and finger sponges and the Venus flower basket, and over a case of beautiful shells is one of iridescent and brightly hued butterflies.

How creatures hide is illustrated by "walking leaves," the night hawk, crown creepers, 'walking stick' and other queer creatures that are scarce to be detected because of their clever adherence to leaves twigs and other objects of similar coloring

Canny Grocer.

The canny grocer sized up his customer.

She had ordered six strictly fresh eggs.

He took down the paper bag and, going to the basket, picked them out.

Twisting the top of the bag together he handed it to the woman, who paid him and went away

The canny grocer smiled. He had given the woman seven eggs when she ordered but six

He knew that when she reached home and found that she had seven instead of six eggs she would be so delighted with the supposition that she had overreached him that she would entirely disregard the fact that six of the eggs were storage and one was dubious!

For the grocer understood human nature And he was canny—Plain Dealer.

Tenth Century Horses.

Money values in the tenth century were very low, according to our ideas, but as the purchasing power of money then equaled from eight to twenty times what it is today, one must not hasten a comparison In Athelstane's time a horse was worth 120 shillings, an ox 30 pence, a cow 20 pence, a sheep 5 pence, a hog 8 pence, a slave 20 shillings, making a slave worth eight oxen, and these prices, except in times of famine, appear to have changed little under the Norman In 1156 wheat sold at 18 pence the quarter of eight bushels, and in 1243 it brought only 24 pence, but in 1624 seed wheat sold at 3 shillings a bushel, barley at 2 shillings and oats at 1 shilling a bushel—National Magazine.

Not to Englishman's Liking.

Ridiculous was the duel General Israel Putnam arranged when challenged by an English officer The general was to provide weapons Arrived at the spot selected, the Englishman found "Old Put" serenely smoking by the side of an open powder keg into which he had stuck a match Requesting his antagonist to be seated on the other side of the keg General Putnam lighted the match and smoked on unconcernedly The Englishman for a moment watched the lucifer working its way downward then beat a hurried retreat. The keg contained nothing but onions with a sprinkle of powder on top

Books Ruthlessly Destroyed.

The Puritans destroyed many collections of books in the monasteries, and even Cromwell burned the Oxford library, then one of the finest in Europe. Extremists in revolution, as in religion, have been equally destructive as regards books. The Spanish inquisition and the French revolution were as one in this respect The crusaders were destroyers of what they regarded as heretical books, and in Russia today the war of orthodoxy on sectarian dissent still manifests itself, among other things, in the ruthless destruction of the books of the nonconformists.

Great Artist Poorly Paid.

The report from New York of the sale of the two famous portraits by Velasquez the one of Philip IV and the other of his minister, the Grand Duke Olivares, brings to light the interesting fact that he received "on account" the sum of eight hundred reals (£8) for these and one of Senor Gardiperes At very much the same time Van Dyck despite a highly successful time in northern Italy, was finding to his cost that Antwerp, his birthplace, had little liking for his genius In fact, we find him stating that at one time he had a "certain fat brewer as his only patron" And even that patron failed him, because when it came to a matter of remuneration the brewer's greed shrank from an extortionate payment of two pistoles for the painting of one portrait! —T. P.'s Weekly

Found His Place.

Two New England men were talking over the days of their boyhood when one referred to an old schoolmate who had a most unfortunate disposition.

"I often wonder what became of Dick," said his friend. "It always seemed to me that it wouldn't be possible for him to get any enjoyment out of life or to find any sort of work that suited him"

"Oh, he's fixed all right," said the other man "I saw him in Chicago last year, where he has a job that suits him perfectly He is station master in a place where there are fifty trains a day coming and going and Dick sees somebody miss every one of them."

Hadn't Seen Them.

"You know," said Miss Oddways, looking critically at a picture that a friend had purchased, "that landscape does remind me so of Mr Vermillion's work You've seen his pictures of course?"

"No," said the friend frankly, "I haven't——"

"Not seen Mr Vermillion's paintings! Why, my dear, and you an art connoisseur! I understand he has a picture in every saloon in Paris."

This Will Do.

Callahan—Oi want to git a book to put the photographs av all me relatives in Oi think this wan will do.

Shopman—But that isn't a family album, sir, that's a scrapbook

Callahan—Oh that's all right, young man all av me relatives were scrappers.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK'S INSURANCE OFFICE

Burdick's Music Store

Successors to

C. A. BURDICK,

Fire, Tornado Automobile, Liability, Life and accident insurance

Companies and service the best

Complete Line of Pianos and Musical Instruments and Sheet Music

See the FREE sewing machine

Call Phone or Wride

SIDNEY A. BURDICK, Manager.

Do Not Forget STRONG

when you need those new

MANTLES AND GLOBES

after housecleaning.

I carry everything in that line at all prices.

E. W. STRONG

A GREAT MID-SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE.

An Eight Day TRADE WONDER July 5th to 13th Inclusive

FRY & COMES

Eight Days of VALUE GIVING that will be a delight to the Thrifty

JULY 5-6-8-9-10-11-12-13 JULY

Terms: SPOT CASH; No Credit.

Twice a year we have a thorough housecleaning---Early in January we close out surplus odds and ends of winter merchandise and in July the summer goods receive the same treatment. This method permits us to start each season with crisp new goods and keep the store up-to-date in point of fashion and quality merchandise.

TERMS CASH. These two sales are always strictly cash, as at prices quoted we cannot afford to do a lot of bookkeeping. This is not a reflection on anyones credit. The rule applies without distinction. We will be glad to charge of course if your credit is good, but in every case it will be at regular prices and not at reduced sale prices. The issue now is will you save, or will you neglect this most exceptional of all buying opportunities. Few can afford to miss such advantages. Those who can are generally too thrifty to do so. It is the grasping of such opportunities as this that makes those people prosperous. Come: When you see what large savings can be made on every day needs you'll thank us for the invitation. Space does not permit of a complete list. Nearly all lines are included in the slash of the price pruning knife.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

At sweeping reductions, your choice of the complete stock at **1-3 off regular prices.** Odd lots at **half price** and less.

SHEETINGS.

Fruit of Loom and Hill Bleached Muslins at **8c per yard.**

Not more than 20 yds. to one person.

Lockwood 81 in. sheeting, bleached, per yard 22c
Unbleached, per yard 20c
All other Sheetings reduced **20 per cent.**

WHITE GOODS.

Substantially reduced just when you need white most.

There are no reservations; everything is on sale. India Linens, Lawns, Batistes, Ratines, Fcy. stripes, Voiles, Mulls, Flaxons, Poplins, Nainsooks, etc.

10 c grade, July Sale 8c
12½c grade, July Sale 10c
15 c grade, July Sale 12c
20 c grade, July Sale 16c
25 c grade, July Sale 20c
50 c grade, July Sale 40c

LADIES' GLOVES.
At 80c on the Dollar.

All Kid, Silk and Cotton Gloves reduced **20 per cent.**

25c Gloves, now ..... .20
50c Gloves, now ..... .40
$1.00 Gloves, now ..... .80
$1.50 Gloves, now 1.20

PRINTED WASH GOODS.

The complete stock is priced for quick clearance. Some prices are halved, others have a fourth taken off. There's good picking and rare bargains.

Regular prices per yard, 10c to 35c now ..... 5c to 25c

LANCASTER APRON GINGHAMS.

Per yard, now 7c

BEST 12½c DRESS GINGHAMS.

The complete stock of about 65 pieces July Clearance, per yard 10c

25c SCOTCH ZEPHYR GINGHAMS.

July Clearance, per yard 19c

PRINTS.

The best grade of light and dark prints per yard 5c

12½c PERCALES.

First quality, 36-inch Percales, light and dark 10c

LININGS.
Reduced 20 per cent.

All kinds from 6c to $1.00 per yard, now ..... 5c to 80c

FANCY LINENS.
Reduced 20 per cent.

Doileys, Table Covers, Scarfs, Lunch Cloths, Fringed Napkins, etc. 10c to $10.00, now ..... 8c to $8.00

DRESSES—HALF PRICE.

1 Lot of 12 garments, with prices halved. White Lawns, Percales, Ginghams, Silk Mulls, Wool Serges and Taffeta Silks, sizes 16 to 38, regular prices $3.50 to $22.50. Sale prices ..... **$1.75 to $11.25**
All other dresses at ¼ **off regular prices.**

WASH WAISTS—Half Price.

1 Lot white and colored waists—some slightly soiled—two waists for the price of one. They were $1.00 to $5.50. July clearance ..... 50c to $2.75
All other wash Wassts are **reduced** ¼...

SILK WAISTS—Half Price.

18 attractive Silk Waists to be sold at cotton waist prices, sizes 32 to 40, They are marked from $2.25 to $5.75 Take your pick ..... **$1.13 to $2.88**

CORSETS AND CORSET WAISTS
25c per pair

1 Lot of about 75 assorted styles, sizes 18 to 29, values 50c to $1.50. A snap at per pair 25c

PARASOLS—Reduced 1-3.

And sunshade weather is practically all yet to come.

$1.00 to $5.50 Parasols selling now at ..... 67c to $3.67

COATS AND SUITS.

All this season's garments **Half Price.**

Suits.

$16.50 Black Serge, size 35, now $8.25
$23.50 Tan Whip-Cord, size 36, now $11.75
$18.50 Navy Serge, size 38 ..... $9.25
$17.50 Black Serge, size 39, now $8.75
$16.50 Black Serge, size 39, now $8.25
$17.50 Navy Serge, size 41, now $8.75
$19.50 Navy Serge, size 42, now $9.75

Coats.

$14.50 Navy Whippord, size 16, now $7.25
$16.50 Navy Serge, size 16, now $8.25
$10.50 Navy Serge, size 17, now $5.25
$13.50 Tan Covert, size 18, now $6.75
$12.50 Tan Serge, size 18, now $6.25
$19.50 Navy Serge, size 39, now $9.75
$16.50 Tan Serge, size 45, now $8.25

SEPARATE SKIRTS—Half Price

38 beautifully tailored skirts sacrificed. Serges, Panamas and Novelties, sizes 23 to 29, regular prices $5.50 to $10.50 July Clearance ..... $2.75 to $5.25

RAINCOAT COATS—Half Price

18 Coats to pick from, striped Mohair, Serge and Moire, size 34 to 42, regular price $10.50 to $16.50. July Clearance ..... $5.25 to $8.25
All other raincoats reduced **one-fourth.**

LADIES' HOSIERY & UNDERWEAR

Odd lots at **Half Price.**

Everything else in the Hosiery and underwear stock reduced **20 per cent.**

RUGS—At Attractive Prices.

$ 8.75 Wool & Fibre, 9 x9 , now $ 6.50
$ 9.00 Wool & Fibre, 8.3x10.6, now $ 6.75
$ 8.50 Wool & Fibre, 7.6x10.6, now $ 6.25
$ 9.50 Wool & Fibre, 9 x12 , now $ 7.00
$14.50 Scotch Wool, 9 x12 , now $11.50
All other Rugs reduced **10 per cent.**

FIBRE CARPET.

Fast Color and durable, 35c quality at 28c

45 and 50c STAIR CARPETING.

During the July Clearance 35c

OIL CLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS.

30c grade Floor Oil Cloth, now 24c
60c grade Linoleum, now 48c

LACE CURTAINS.

Buy now while the big saving opportunity is here.

$1.00 Lace Curtains now ..... .80
$1.25 Lace Curtains now 1.00
$1.50 Lace Curtains now 1.20
$2.00 Lace Curtains now 1.60
$2.50 Lace Curtains now 2.00
$3.75 Lace Curtains now 3.00
$4.75 Lace Curtains now 3.80

BED SPREADS.

An every-day need. The complete Bed Spread stock is offered at **20 per cent. discount.**

Plain, Fringed, Scalloped, Cut Corners and Square.

$1.00 Spreads now ..... .80
$1.50 Spreads now 1.20
$2.00 Spreads now 1.60
$2.50 Spreads now 2.00
$3.50 Spreads now 2.80
$5.00 Spreads now 4.00

TOWELINGS—Reduced 20 per cent.

6 c Cotton Crash, now 5c
10 c All Linen Crash now 8c
12½c All Linen Crash now 10c
15 c All Linen Crash now 12c
18c All Linen Huck now 14½c
25c All Linen Huck now 20c
50c All Linen Huck now 40c

TABLE LINENS & NAPKINS

Beautiful snowy Linens, cheaper than they will be again inside of six months.

25c Bleached Damask, now 20c
50c Bleached Damask, now 40c
50c Half-Bleached Damask now 40c
75c Bleached Damask now 60c
$1.00 Bleached Damask now 80c
$1.25 Bleached Damask now $1.00
$1.25 Bleached Napkins now $1.00
$1.50 Bleached Napkins now $1.20
$1.75 Bleached Napkins now $1.40
$2.00 Bleacehd Napkins now $1.60
$3.00 Bleached Napkins now $2.40

ROYAL SOCIETY EMBDY. PACKETS
Half Price.

All counter soiled packages are marked for quick clearance.

Regular price 25c to $1.50 now 13c to 75c

Al other packages and stamped Linens reduced **one-fourth.**

DRESS GOODS & SILKS
Odd Lots and Short Lengths at Half Price

Balance of the stock at **80c on the dollar.**

25c grades, July sale ..... .20
50c grades, July sale ..... .40
75c grades, July sale ..... .60
$1.00 grades, July sale ..... .80
$1.50 grades, July sale 1.20

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

Window and Counter Soiled garments at **Half Price.** A reduction of **20 per cent.** on every other piece of muslin underwear in the store.

Corset Covers, Shirts, Drawers, Combinations, Princess Slips, Gowns, etc.

25c Garments, July sale ..... .20
50c Garments, July sale ..... .40
75c Garments, July sale ..... .60
$1.00 Garments, July sale ..... .80
$1.50 Garments, July sale 1.20
$2.00 Garments, July sale 1.60
$2.75 Garments, July sale 2.20
$3.50 Garments, July sale 2.80

NOTIONS.

Big savings on little things.

Coats best Spool Cotton now 4c
Assorted lot of Hooks & Eyes now ... 2c
(Regular prices 3c to 10c per card)
3c O. N. T. Darning Cotton 1½c
5c Pearl Buttons, 3 cards for 10c
10c Mohair Skirt Braids 6c
10c Spring Tape Measures 6c
3c Ironing Wax 1½c
5c Featherstitch Braid ..... 3 for 10c
5c box Assorted Wire Hair Pins 3 for 10c
25c Belt Pins 13c
50c Belt Pins 25c

MEN'S WEAR.

Substantial savings for the men.

SHIRTS, one lot $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 Monarch and Cluett Negligee Shirts sizes 14 to 17, will be sold at 50c
All other dress and work shirts @ **20 per cent. off.**

50c Shirts now ..... .40
$1.00 Shirts now ..... .80
$1.50 Shirts now 1.20
$2.00 Shirts now 1.60

Underwear.

Odd lots at **Half.** All our regular lines at **20 per cent off.**

Half Hose

Odd lots at **Half.** Choice of the complete stock, including the famous Holeproof, with a six-months guarantee, at **20 per cent. discount.**

10c Sox at 8c
15c Sox at 12c
25c Sox at 20c
50c Sox at 40c
$1.00 Sox at 80c

Neckwear.

25c Shield Bows 5c
25c Cravats 20c
50c Cravats 40c

Night Shirts.

$1.00 Handmade Night Shirts now ... 80c

N. B.---All prices quoted showing comparative savings are our regular selling prices, that is what the different articles were sold for before the Clearance Sale and just what the selling prices will be on July 15th after this sale is over.

FRY & COMES. SMETHPORT, PENNA.